

THE BIBLE

THE BIBLE OF THE



THE BIBLE



OUR BROOK



"Our Lady of the Night"

An original conception by a Maryknoll Sister.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

Contents for the Month of December, 1938 (Vol. XXXII, No. 12)

<i>Silvery Moon</i>	323	<i>Wang of Ancient Virtue Market</i>	338
<i>Precious Christmas Gift</i>	326	<i>Frozen Feet</i>	339
<i>Min Josephina</i>	327	<i>Christmas at Maryknoll</i>	340
<i>Super-First-Class Christmas</i>	328	<i>The Maryknoll Sisters</i>	342
<i>Hoi Shan</i>	330	<i>Our World of Missions</i>	344
<i>A Leaf From Prester John's Diary</i>	331	<i>On the Maryknoll Newsfront</i>	346
<i>Soldiers for His Majesty the King</i>	332	<i>Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau</i>	348
<i>Editorials</i>	334	<i>The Bounty Page</i>	350
<i>Christmas in Oriental Art</i>	336		

Subscription rates: one dollar (\$1.00) a year; five dollars (\$5.00) for six years; fifty dollars (\$50.00) for life.

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries.

Make checks and money orders payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as SECOND CLASS MATTER

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917; authorized Nov. 21, 1921.

MARYKNOLL: An American foundation for foreign missions which includes two distinct Societies, one for priests and Brothers and one for Sisters.

The Maryknoll Fathers
The Catholic Foreign
Mission Society of America, Inc.
(legal title)

Most Rev. J. E. Walsh, M.M.,
Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X. at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, and to assist them in their labors in the mission fields assigned to the Society by the Holy See, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Maryknoll Fathers' Central Addresses

Central Administration and Major Seminary, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.

Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:

Akron O., 1075 W. Market St.
Cincinnati, O., Mt. Washington St.
Detroit, 1219 Merrick St.
Mountain View P.O., Cal.
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

Houses of Study:

Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna 83.
Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley.
Los Angeles, Cal., 426 S. Boyle St.
1220 S. Alvarado St.
San Francisco, Cal., 1492 McAllister St.
San Juan, Cal., San Juan Bautista Mission.
New York City, 103 Park Ave.
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.
Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.
Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS' MISSIONS

For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll Fathers, St. Francis Xavier's Church, Kawara Machi, 3 jo agaru, Kyoto, Japan

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Peng Yang missionaries: Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang, Korea

The Maryknoll Sisters

The Foreign Mission Sisters
of St. Dominic, Inc.
(legal title)

Motherhouse and administration: Maryknoll, N. Y.

Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

Shanghai, China: Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen.

Korea: 257 Sangsukuri, Catholic Mission, Heijo.

Japan: Higashi Takeya-machi, Kawabata, Higashi iru, Minamigawa, Kyoto.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander, Honolulu.



Manchu Manger

Two children of Fushun—and a real live donkey—re-enact the Bethlehem scene.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

December, 1938

Silvery Moon—

By F. X. Eastman



A SOFT radiance filtered through the interlocked branches and span-gled the jungle path with patches of silver. Francis Xavier realized gratefully, as he trudged along, that his visit to the most remote village of the Paravas was fortunately coinciding with the time of the full moon. It made a difference—often the darkness caught him hunting his way along the forest paths, with little to guide him save the confidence that every path led to some village sometime.

Xavier wanted particularly to visit this village. Like all the Christian villages of the pearl fishers, it had not seen a priest for ten years; not since its people had been baptized with scant instruction on the original visit of Father Vaz. It was high time for another priest to call.

When he finally stumbled on the village, he did not at once gain admission. Although he could see the lights through the trees, his repeated shouts brought no welcoming answer. He pressed up to the rude stockade and set an army of dogs to clamorous barking. By the time three excited men, all grasping savage-looking bolos, came out to meet him, he was beginning to feel uneasy. The moonlight again stood him in good stead. The truculent anxiety of the reception committee immediately turned to childlike pleasure.

"Oh, it's the Father!" they shouted happily, much to Xavier's relief, and equally to their own. "It's the Father!" reëchoed the cry from one end of the village to the other, as the gates were thrown open. People came running pell-mell.

But the hospitality of simple people is always thoughtful. "The Father is tired after his long walk," said one of the old men. "The Father is tired," repeated everybody. Soon Xavier found himself seated in the best mat shed the village afforded, trying to refuse the food and drink that were pressed upon him, and finally compromising on a thimblelike cup of tea. He was glad to relax his tired muscles and settle back to a cheery evening of pleasant talk with his little flock.

"What an enjoyable walk I had!" said Xavier, after he had finished his tea and smiled at everybody. "In the moonlight it is so easy to walk through the forest. Surely God is good to give us this beautiful moon to light our way."

This remark did not bring the hearty response that usually followed his smiling sallies. There was a slight hush. Gravely one old man replied: "Once we are liking the moonlight also, Father. But not any more."

Francis was surprised. Scenting some superstition, he went, as he thought, right to the point. "The moon is nothing to worry about, my children. Nothing but a lamp that God hung in the sky to be of service to us. You must not think there is anything lucky or unlucky about the moon."

"Well, it isn't that meaning, exactly, Father," replied the old man a bit uneasily. "It is true we used to think a lot depended upon the moon, but that was before we became Christians. You see, the trouble is this. Suppose the moon lighting you through the forest; lighting other people also." The old man paused and shook his head gloomily. A murmur of assent ran through the crowd.

Xavier was still puzzled. "Who would come at this time of night?" he pursued. "All have eaten rice and are preparing to go to sleep."

"That we are surely hoping," returned

the spokesman for the crowd. "But it is not certain. I am explaining to the Father. It's the Badagas!"

That magic word explained everything. The name of this marauding band of Mohammedan tribesmen had spread terror over the whole fishery coast. Time and again they descended on helpless villages in raids that included stealing, burning, capturing for ransom, and even at times wholesale massacre. Since the Paravas had become Christians they had been harried by the Badagas more than ever.



Ada de Bethune

WHAT makes you worry about the Badagas? God will protect you. They are not in this locality at present, are they? And what has the moonlight to do with them, anyhow?"

The old man looked up. "That's just it, Father! They are in this locality right now. The rumor is coming that they raided a village only ten leagues away, the night before last. Tonight is the full moon, and that's why we are afraid."

The old man paused to emit a deep sigh, in which the entire gathering straightway joined. Then he suddenly brightened, looked at the priest, and made an expansive gesture to indicate he had something important to add. "Believe me, we are always rejoicing to see the Father, but tonight most of all. We know they are not coming when the Father is protecting us."

"They are not coming when the Father is here!" went up the chorus. "The Father is protecting us!" The cries were suddenly carefree, even joyous. It was so easy to shift the responsibility. Xavier suddenly felt that the shoe was on the other foot. He had desired to comfort his people; he now saw that he had succeeded only too well. Their confidence in him was touching, but suppose the

GOD gave His only-begotten Son for the redemption of the world. What do you give?

raiders did come? Well, there was God.

"I am not sure that I have any means to protect you, my children," he finally replied, "but God has. With Him to care for you, you are as safe here as in a fort. Don't worry! God will protect you."

He looked around and saw approval on every side. "God will protect us!" echoed through the room.

TWO o'clock in the morning is said to be the time when the courage and the general spirits of the ordinary man are at their very lowest ebb. Francis Xavier was an ordinary man, but he had an extraordinary confidence in God; and, when he awoke at this unearthly hour to the sound of shouting and running and banging of doors, his sensations were those of mild curiosity. He still felt quite tired, but he said a prayer and promptly forgot it. He dashed some water over his face and was picking up his crucifix when the door suddenly burst open.

"Excuse me, Father! Oh, you are up

already! Good!" It was the head elder in great excitement; his palsied old hands were trembling twice as much as usual, and his voice quavered. Yet there was relief in his voice and manner also when he saw that the missionary was up and ready for business. He came close to Xavier's ear. "The Badagas are coming," he whispered, as if they were already in the room and might overhear him.

Xavier patted his visitor on the back and laughed out loud. It was as if the old man had announced that breakfast was ready. "Are they coming?" he laughed. "Well, so am I. That is, if you will give me time to wash my face. Only please rest your heart. Why get excited at this time in the morning?"

The missionary's calmness steadied the old man, but he was still unable to perceive any joke in the situation. "This is no time for laughing words, Father," he blurted out reproachfully. "Please hurry. We men are all trying to decide what to do. They are here, I tell you! A runner just came from the next village, and he says they will be here any minute. They are all riding horses. Hurry!"

The missionary was losing no time, and with the end of this speech they were both out the door. The clear moonlight shone down on a stockade full of people milling about in extraordinary confusion. Men were running here and there and shouting directions to which nobody paid the least attention. Some were stringing arrows on bows; others were feverishly trying to barricade flimsy straw doors; a few big boys were lugging improvised ammunition, consisting of stones and broken earthenware pots, to a central pile. The older men were grouped in front of the main gate in anxious council. Xavier made straight for them and immediately took charge of the whole show.

"Stop all this fussing!" rang out his sharp command. "Line these people up, and let them listen to me." He put a little indignation into his tone. "Such carrying on! Am I not here to protect you? Hurry up now! Tell everybody to keep quiet! I am going to speak."

The mere sight of Xavier acted like magic; and the word spread around straightway calmed the hubbub. As soon as the missionary saw he could be heard, he launched out.

"My children," he began reproachfully, "there is no occasion to get excited. The Badagas are coming. All right! But you forget that God is always here to protect you. Does He not hold you in the hollow of His hand? And the Badagas also? Nothing can happen without

A soft radiance



path with silver.



filtered through the branches and spangled the



His holy will. Now listen! You remain here quietly. Do whatever the chief elder tells you. He is the head man. You can get your bows and arrows and line up here under his command, but stay inside the stockade and wait." He paused a moment to let this sink in. "Now then!" he continued briskly. "Where are these Badagas? I am going out to meet them!"

XAVIER did not listen to their objections. His voice cut through the din. "Does anybody here know the Badaga language?"

"No, Father," replied a volunteer. "They live many miles to the north over the mountains. We are not mixing with them. No, nobody knows a word of their language."

"Then I go alone."

A hush fell on the crowd. Something about the simple sentence transcended the moment, and anxious hearts forgot their own frantic fears for a space, in the abrupt disclosure of a heart that knew no fear.

Another instant, and the cries and shouts of objection rose again in a wailing crescendo. The uproar swelled as if to make up for lost time. But Xavier was now calm and smiling, and that meant he was going into action. He did not need to ask the way a second time, for suddenly the sound came of men crashing through the jungle. "The main path," he thought. "I shall just have time to meet them in the clearing. Good there's a moon!" He was at the gate.

"Keep a good watch," he said to the elder on guard. He looked closer and recognized the same old patriarch who had come to awaken him. "Let nobody follow me out," he said to the old man. "This is my job." He held up his crucifix and turned for a last word. "Say some prayers, my children. I will come right back. God bless you!" He was gone.

Everybody obeyed his orders except the old man to whom he had committed them. The trembling old elder watched the missionary skim along the moonlit

Surely God is good to give us this beautiful moon to light our way.

path, as he began reluctantly to close the gate. Suddenly he forgot his fears. "I am going with him," he heard himself muttering, rather to his own surprise. "If he is getting killed, I am dying with him." On the impulse of the moment he slipped out the gate, shut it behind him, and was off down the path after the speeding blackrobe.

The clearing was only a few hundred yards away. The old elder paused at the edge of it and looked cautiously out from the trees that fringed and concealed the end of the village path. A gorgeous full moon was shining down on a bizarre sight. Drawn up in massed ranks at the opposite end of the plain stood an army of strange-looking men. There were hundreds of them. All were armed, some with long spears and fantastic shields, others with bows and arrows.

FRONTING them was a thin and worn-looking figure in a long black gown. One upraised arm held the crucifix; with the other he was gesticulating vigorously. He was shouting in some language that the old elder had never heard. Neither had the Badagas, apparently, to judge from their nonplussed attitude. But what was that outlandish figure that seemed to sprawl across half the field? It was waving and weaving about just like Xavier. Why, it was Xavier, of course, or rather his reflection. The moonlight was flooding over his shoulder at a peculiar angle that cast a fantastic shadow athwart the clearing, thirty feet high.

What was happening now? The old elder could not make it out. An un-

How can anyone with a broken back "back" a missionary? Read the prize letter on page 350.

easiness seemed to spread through the Badagas. There were sudden howls here and there; a few were falling on their knees, raising hands to heaven. Suddenly someone barked an order. The front rank broke for the road at the other end of the plain. The howls and shouts became general. Now the whole army was retreating in a confused jumble. Cries and imprecations resounded, as they ran down the road and crashed through the bush. The old elder could scarcely believe his eyes. Xavier was alone in the moonlight.

HOW did it happen?" said Francis later when he had returned to the village and quieted the fears of his flock. "Why, to tell the truth, I do not know myself. I spoke Goanese to them, and there might have been somebody in the crowd who understood it. Although I doubt it, since nobody answered me. Then there was my strange appearance, for they probably never saw a priest before. We must thank God, my children, for His good moonlight that enabled our friends to see me. And likewise that shadow of mine! Really it almost scared me when I first saw it. Extraordinary! And don't forget the Cross. They did not understand me, no doubt, but the Cross speaks a language of its own." He beamed on them all, as they drank in his words. "But after all, you know, it does not really matter what happened. The main thing is that God protected you, for He can choose any means He likes. Now doesn't He take good care of His own? And are you not glad that you trusted in Him?"

"Yes, Father," came the fervent chorus. "Thank you, Father, for protecting us!" "No!" insisted Xavier. "You must not thank me. It is God who is protecting you. You must thank God."

"Yes, Father," concurred the old elder simply. "We thank God. We know He is protecting us. That is the reason He sent you to us tonight."



Precious Christmas Gift

Father Thomas N. Quirk, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, tells how seventy treasures from the Dragon's Cave are brought to the Infant King.

CHRISTMAS came to the Village of the Dragon's Cave for the first time, last year. In the Baptism class of that feast day were several members of that little community, the name of which I did not note particularly at the time. Neither did I note any unusual zeal on the part of the villagers just baptized. But Christmas had come to their hearts, and they were determined that it should come to their less-favored neighbors. What was more, they determined that it should come as soon as possible.

It was during New Year's visits that our new Christians of Dragon Cave spread word of their new-found Faith.

"Wouldn't you like to be happy, not merely during these days of festivity, but always? Wouldn't you like to have peace of heart, untouched by earth's sorrows?"

These simple questions of their respected relatives accomplished what the oratory of renowned preachers could not. They could see the proof of the questions visibly in the faces of their Christian villagers. It was worth a trial.

Seventy villagers good and true were soon organized into a group, expressing their desire for Baptism. But what about instruction? Could someone be sent who would teach

them the Way of Peace? Who could resist the appeal? Yet it had to be refused as tactfully as possible, lest they interpret our lack of resources as indifference to souls' salvation. They seemed to understand, and we parted with heavy hearts.

Several weeks passed, and mighty events were taking place in heaven and in our little village. A general collection was taken up amongst the villagers and presented to me one day, to help defray the expense of an instructor. God blessed their faith and sacrifice, for shortly afterwards some friends in the United States enabled me to send them a catechist.

But the Dragon was not ready yet to relinquish his hold on the villagers. Before we may establish a branch of the Catholic Church in any locality of the country, we must first receive permission from the

civil authorities. Visits to the various officials were made and exchanged; information of all kinds was supplied, and then, after all the regulations were complied with, came an inevitable further delay.

Finally the day did come when Mass was said for the first time in Dragon Cave Village. And so, on this Christmas morning, the group of seventy were baptized and offered to the Infant Babe. Christmas came again to the Village of the Dragon's Cave!

To whom does the credit go?

Was it to the missionary who baptized them, to the benefactors who helped them obtain someone to instruct them, or to the first group who converted them? As in every successful work for God, it was rather the combination of all three; for "to those who love God all things work together unto good."



The missionary who baptized them

Min Josephina

changes her own mind and the minds of others as well. Father Roy Petipren, of Detroit, tells the story.

NOT with all the rice in Teishu could real-estate agents in that thriving little town of northern Korea persuade Min Josephina that residence there was essential to her happiness, longevity, and general well-being. That Teishu was the largest town in one of the best rice-farming areas of the country, that it was a railroad center with a new branch line extending to the Manchurian border, that it offered all the other advantages of a youthful metropolis, might be sufficient reason for its eleven thousand men, women, and children to expand with civic pride—and it might have been reason enough for Min Josephina a year ago, perhaps—but now everything was different. She had the Faith and hesitated about settling in any district where she would be deprived of the Sacraments—and Teishu was almost as far from a Catholic church as ice is from fire.

During these tense moments of indecision, the land owners went the limit in their efforts to break down Min's sales resistance; and, just as they were about to admit defeat, she suddenly capitulated and signed on the dotted line. How account for this about-face? In this way, I think.

Min Josephina had been baptized by Father Barron in Anchu only a few months before personal affairs made it necessary for her to move farther north. Like that of most converts, her faith burned with a bright light; and at this particular crisis (it was just that, in view of subsequent events) the light must have flashed red—a red stop-light, a red stop-in-Teishu-light.

Three weeks later, Min Josephina was comfortably settled in her new home and ready for action; Act

One beginning with a search for the only other Catholic woman in town, who had recently come there from Seoul. Successful sleuthing brought the two women together. They went into a huddle, from which they emerged with the following resolutions:

1. To enlist the services of a woman catechist. (They knew of an excellent one in Anchu. Min Josephina would pay her traveling expenses and salary.)

2. To divide the Teishu territory between the three of them. Each was to strive to interest the people in her particular district in the true religion.

3. When the desire for Baptism was expressed by a fair number, to petition the missionaries to establish an out-post in Teishu, so that they could have Mass and the Sacraments at least once a month.

With the arrival of the import from Anchu, the zealous trio planned their campaign. In time, word of their splendid activities seeped through to Father Barron, who sped north to find thirty adults under instruction in the doctrine.

SANTA CLAUS has a mission problem this year. See page 351.



This Korean mother balances not only the family budget and bacon but baby as well.

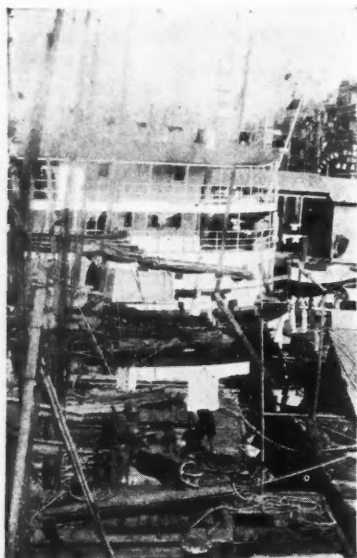
From that day until the end of the year, when they were baptized, Father Barron visited the class at regular intervals, aiding them to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Catholic religion.

On my return, in 1936, from a year's decennial in America, hearing of the splendid prospects in Teishu, I asked leave to establish a parish there. This favor was granted; but, because of the difficulty of purchasing land and suitable living quarters, permanent residence could not be made until the following year.

Thus, even before the arrival of the pastor, the catechists and their converts had made great strides in the evangelization of Teishu.

Teishu mission, extending twenty-five miles to the north, east, and south, now embraces ten stations; and it is our fervent hope that within the next few years the number of these out-posts will have doubled.

Hail to Min Josephina! one woman, at least, who stopped on a red light!



We had the bridal suite on the S.S. Kong Ning.

IT all began back in the Seminary, before ordination, when Father Kennelly invited Father Joyce and myself to spend Christmas with him at Loting. At the time, we were not even sure that we should spend Christmas in China. We accepted, however, and let it go at that.

This year our dream castles solidified, and we secured the fixin's necessary for making the Christmas upcountry merry. Thus laden, we went down to the boat to buy tickets.

The ticket agent gave us two very important papers which he called tickets. On each was written in large, bold, type the legend *Super First Class*. Father Joyce said, "I bet we get the bridal suite." I agreed wholeheartedly. Our high expectations of the luxury in which we were to travel were rudely brought to earth, however, when one of the dream-smashing, hard-hearted old-timers told us to wait till we saw the accommodations of this *Super First Class*.

Bright and early the next morning—that is, the morning was bright, and we were early—we boarded the *S. S. Kong Ning*.

At three-thirty on the morning of the third day, we arrived at Nam Kong Hau, where we were to meet Father Kennelly. Our fears were quieted when we saw him in one of the sampans which came

The five-passenger car carried thirty-five, plus one on each fender and one straddling the hood.

Super-First-Class Christmas

Father William P. North, of Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y., describes his first Christmas in China.

out to midstream. Before that we had had some qualms as to what we should do if he were not there. But there he was, and he gave us a great welcome. In a few minutes, we got to the shore and went directly to the bus station.

The bus station was a shed large enough to house three cars. When it was light enough to see the road, the first two busses left, one after the other. Ours, on the other hand, didn't budge. The passengers began to shout for action. The station master then came and told us that the bus was not going for some time.

"Why?" "Well it is broken and can't go." "Fix it!" "No can do; some of the parts are missing." "When will the next bus come?" "Oh, about ten o'clock, if it does not break down."

That was that! There was nothing to do but get off and take our baggage off, too.

During all this time, the number of the would-be passengers had grown from twenty to sixty. They all thought as one man, "Get on that bus!" Did the bus leave immediately? Well, the driver

was hungry, and who could be so hard-hearted as to deny him something to eat? We did leave, though, in another half hour. In that length of time, the driver had eaten his fill and was ready to take his vehicle to the next stop, two and a half hours away.

When he appeared, he looked—every inch of his five feet—just like Pete, the engineer hero of the "Wreck of the Old 97." He was dressed in blue denim, on his head was a peaked cap, around his neck a muffler, and his eyes were protected by a huge pair of goggles. His very walk showed that he knew his importance, and he looked with disdain on the common herd entrusted to his care. He inspected the motor with the same care as an aviator who is about to take off on a non-stop flight. Satisfied that no one had tampered with it since he had left, he mounted to the cabin.

I expected the whirr of the starter, but soon realized there was no starter; then I looked to see if someone was going to crank; no, no one volunteered. Our manner of starting was soon apparent. A group of the hangers-on at the garage



pushed the bus to the top of a nearby hill, and it was started by letting it roll down in gear. While we were tearing down the first grade, I thought that we were going to lose our brakes, but Father Kennelly assured me that that was impossible because the brakes had been removed years ago! So had the dashboard, the battery, and the spare tire! If the car breaks down on the road, the passengers have to remain in *status quo* till the next bus comes along, which may be in one hour or five.

It is my firm conviction that over the door of every bus in this part of the country should be painted the sign, "Let him who enters here, leave all hope behind and make sure he is in the state of grace." I've ridden with my share of reckless drivers, but this was one of the wildest rides I have ever had. I held my breath each time we came to a bridge. Chinese bridges are made of bamboo poles. The poles are cut just wide enough to accommodate the width of a bus. None of the bridges I saw had sides of any kind. Our chauffeur took great delight in approaching the bridges at about forty miles an hour, hitting them right in the middle and tearing over them at a great rate, accompanied by yells of "Ai Ya!" from the passengers, as the poles of the bridge bounced up and down behind, for they were not fastened down any too well. In spite of all, we arrived at Loting, very glad and very tired.

AFTER we had said Mass, we gathered around to lay plans for the big feast but two days away. The group included Father Lavin, Father Kennelly's curate. Father Kennelly thought that it would be good if one of us went with him to Loking, an out mission about twenty miles away. He suggested that we toss a coin to decide; we did, and I won. Father Lavin was to go to another out station; and, consequently, Father Joyce, four months in the Orient, became pastor of Loting.

On Christmas Day, I began my three Masses at eight o'clock. When they were over, the Christians went outside the chapel to partake of the Christmas dinner which had been prepared for them. A great time was had by all. A greater time was had by yours truly, especially after they spied my camera. I had come equipped with two rolls of film. But what were two rolls among so many? In spite of that, however, I took over two hundred pictures—but I must admit that there was no film in the camera after the first sixteen. Far be it from me to cause any jealousy or hard feelings!



"No city slicker is going to put anything over on me!"

One old fellow had me on the spot for a few moments. This newfangled get-up wasn't fooling him any, not nohow! He wanted his photo on the spot, just as soon as I had clicked the button, and he let the wide world know he wanted it. My Chinese was too small to make him understand that, even had there been film in the camera, he could not have had a picture so quickly. Luckily, one of the bystanders who had been places and seen things managed to make Grandpop see the light. But even then he appeared rather doubtful and looked at me as if

to say, "No city slicker is going to put anything over on me!"

WHEN it was time to return to Loting, we got our belongings together and started out for the bus station. The ride home was not as nice as the one coming had been. There were not many people in the auto when we arrived, but the powers of the bus line wanted ten bags of salt sent to Loting. Each of the bags weighed about two hundred pounds; alone they would have overloaded the bus. Remember it was a ton-and-a-half truck before the Chinese made a bus out of it. The rest of the passengers were not long a-coming. All in all, there were about thirty-five people in the back of the car; about seven in with the driver;

(Continued on page 330)

**WE aren't asking a thing
—we're offering you something good. The whole story is on page 351.**

WHEN you hear the captain of a Chinese junk say that he will *hoi shan*, that is, "open the body," at noon, you know immediately that he intends to set sail at that hour; but, when you hear the same expression in the Yeungkong dialect, you know that some poor fellow is about to be executed by having his body ripped up the middle.

All of which is the background for a story about one of the early Protestant missionaries in this district, who knew Cantonese very well, but who was unfamiliar with the local patois. While sailing down a stream one day, this man was rudely snatched from the arms of Morpheus by the sound of a shot and the scream of a bullet as it whistled over his head and went merrily on its way.

"Come over here," cried a voice from the shore; and, before he could get his shoes on, the keel was scraping the sands.

According to Chinese etiquette, introductions were in order. But the five men standing on the shore with their guns "at the ready" didn't go by the books this time, and the sampan owner with his family were too busy getting as far away from the foreigner as possible to be bothered by such niceties when face to face with the bandit terror of the district and his cohorts.

"You're the foreign minister, I suppose. How much money have you got?" asked the bandit chief.

"Shameful, the way these people are always talking about money," thought the missionary, as he answered: "Yes, I'm a minister; but let's not talk about money, if you please. I've come here to preach the Gospel, you know."

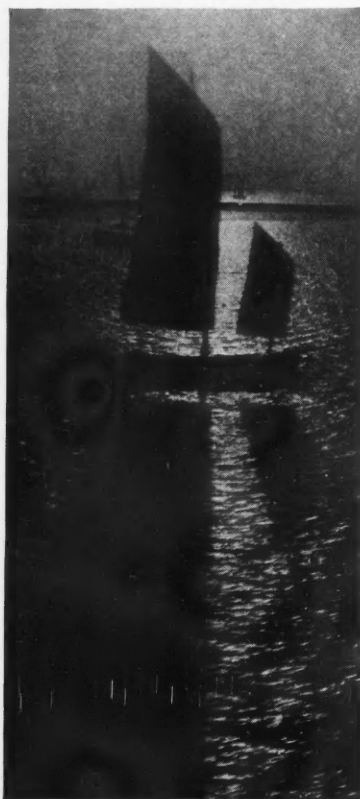
"I don't care what you've come to do. How much have you got?"

"I've only a few coppers with me, and as a matter of fact I'm a very poor man with a wife and three children to support."

"No money! What'll we do with him, Chief?" asked the first lieutenant, unconsciously applying the faintest pressure on the trigger of his trusty musket.

"Ought to hold him for ransom, but that's getting to be too risky nowadays. If we let him go, and the news leaks out that a foreigner got the best of us, we'll lose a lot of face. We've simply got to show

Hoi Shan



Father James F. Smith, of E. Norwalk, Connecticut, tells us that Hoi Shan means "set sail at noon" or else. . .

him up, that's all. *Hoi shan!*"

"Attaboy, Chief!" chorused the bloodthirsty band, each one probably thinking how his fame would grow from such a deed, and how his children's children would proudly proclaim the part their grandpappy had in spreading the foreigner's entrails over the surrounding countryside.

Not well acquainted with the local dialect, the missionary missed most of the foregoing colloquy, but to his mind *hoi shan* could only mean one thing—these men were telling his boatman to shove off, and as yet he hadn't even gotten in one

word for the Lord.

"My friends, just a minute! Let's not be in a hurry about this matter. Please come aboard and have a drink of tea before we *hoi shan*. I want to tell you a very interesting story."

"A cup of tea with him before he dies! All right, we'll drink your tea and listen to the story, too! You're a brave man, foreigner!"

How eloquent the missionary was we can judge by the results. After listening to the story of Christianity for an hour, the bandits permitted him to go on his way, none the worse for his adventure. But he was rather badly shaken when a favorable wind brought back the boatman's courage, and he explained to the minister exactly what *hoi shan* means to the Yeungkong dialect.

Super-First-Class Christmas

(Continued from Page 329)

one on each fender; and, last but not least, one straddled the hood. And so we started out! No tire ever made could have carried that load. About three miles from Loting, one of the rear tires gave vent to a long sigh and refused to go any farther. Since there was no spare and the next bus would not be along until morning, we walked the rest of the way home.

Father Lavin had returned from his mission before we came in. Both he and Father Joyce had about given up hope of our ever getting in and were just about ready to sit down to our delayed Christmas dinner.

On Holy Innocents' Day, we decided it was time for us to go back to Hong Kong and pick up where we had left off on our language study. The return was begun very auspiciously—suspiciously so. The sun was shining, and there was a new bus on the first part of the run. Things went well till about one o'clock, when our chariot developed a flat tire.

As a result, we lost four hours and, incidentally, our boat. We spent the night as best we could on a sampan sleeping in snatches, wakened by every whistle in the hope that our boat had come. The following morning, we were rowed to Tak King, about an hour further up the river, and there we were able to say Mass. We learned, too, that our boat was aground on a sand bar and could not get off. That afternoon, however, another boat came down the river, and we managed to get on it. And thus we came back to Hong Kong, dragging our tale behind us.

BEFORE anyone *hoi shans* you, look up our legal title for your will. See page 351.

A Leaf from Prester John's Diary

Prester John Morris, of Fall River, Massachusetts, and Catechist John become itinerant shepherds of Koreans in Japan.

AMERICA has forgotten bicycles. But the millions of them in Japan! How they immortalize the late Victorian age! And what a genuine boon to the missionary padre, in particular this itinerant shepherd of the Koreans of the dispersion, who, impelled by that irresistible centrifugal force called low-rents, are moved to pitch their tents as far as possible from Kyoto's Main Street and St. Francis Xavier's Church. From the parish center they have gone out in every way a good five miles, whether as a crow flies or a bird on a bicycle, and there form the city's penumbra.

These cyclic visitations of my Koreans get one a-wondering what sort of journal St. Luke would have written had he and St. Paul made a few missionary *wirstücken* on a bicycle built for two. At least we have *this* on St. Paul, despite all the various conveyances he used, and his mishaps: *he* never had a puncture.

Nowadays in America Holy Communion is probably rarely if ever brought to the sick by a padre on a wheel. Yet we mind well when it was a common occurrence. And surely there is nought of disrespect, rather is it of seeming urgency, to bring Our Divine Lord as speedily as possible to those, His children, who call for Him in their hour of need.

Catechist John comes in, wiping from his sprinkled eyes the drops but not the regret that 'tis a squally day for a voyage by bicycle; but a sick one calls, and so we must charge into it like old salts out of Gloucester, with both tires running under the scuppers.

Accordingly, bearing the Sacred Host and the Holy Oils, and with Catechist Faithful John leading the way, I started out on bicycle for the five nautical miles. Ahead of me, John plowed along, on the *qui vive* for camouflaged holes that lie

in wait to trap the unwary. Bound as usual for the very outskirts of the city, we passed in turn from busy thoroughfares to quiet streets, to narrow alleys, to twisting lanes. Finally, to a low stable, and a passage between two horse stalls; then along this dark way to a bright little Catholic oasis of a room, swept and garnished—garnished with a crucifix and holy pictures on the walls, and more beautifully still with the rosary beads in the hands of the watchers, as they bowed in reverence to the bearer of their Divine Lord.

Through the ceremony that followed, as I gave Communion to the young mother, the munching of the horses in the adjoining stalls was plainly to be heard through the paper partitions; and very effective it was too in reminding me that, of all

the Christmas Cribbs I had seen or helped to make, this was by far the nearest approach to the holy realities of that blessed stable in Bethlehem, where God's Son first came to dwell, with His mother, amid the simple and the lowly.

It was indeed good for us to be there! Good for the Koreans, that I could bring to them Our Blessed Lord; good for me, to be warmed by the deep, abiding faith of these religious-minded people, and to have this personal role in the divine play, "Bethlehem—1938."

And as I pedaled and paddled home through the puddles, it struck me with freshened force how dangerously easy it is for us blind folk to mistake for "meritorious sacrifice" what is in actual fact a very precious matter of personal privilege.



A bicycle built for two in Asia would never do!



SOLDIERS FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING

By Paul Roberts

NOW, Mr. Smart Aleck, just for that you can't have the job any more," was Jack's chilling ultimatum as he tried to loosen the choking knot into which Tommy had pulled his red bow tie.

"Aw, don't be a sore-head. 'Member, if it hadn't been for me, you never would've met her. And no matter what you say, that is a sissy tie!" Tommy might be a little worried about the prospect of unemployment, but his natural honesty must find expression.

"When I want your opinion about my neckties, I'll ask for it; but in the meantime I'd like you to show a little more respect, or else that job . . ."

"Awright, awright! I'm sorry about the knot. Now can I have your job?"

"Well, I don't know as I can afford to let you have it, Tommy." Jack adjusted his collar and brushed his hair for the tenth time. "You know, Christmas is coming. I have a lot of presents to buy this year."

"For me, Jack?" soulfully teased the youngster.

"No, I'll let Santa Claus take care of you."

Tommy thought it more diplomatic to ignore this thrust and continued with:

"Gosh, Jack, you get the salary just the same. I get only the tips. It wouldn't hurt you."

"Well, I'll tell you, you take it for the next few days until I have more time to think it over." Actually, this typical high-school lad wanted a few free afternoons for the enjoyment of a certain young lady's companionship, but no need for Tommy to know about it.

TOMMY bounded off to the corner florish shop. "Hullo, Mr. Breyer. Any big orders today? I'm pinch-hitting for Jack again."

"My, his cold must be worse," said the jovial storekeeper, giving his little friend a knowing wink.

"Oh, Joan is all right. She can't help it 'cause she's a girl," stoutly defended Tommy, who, for all his childish disdain of his brother's latest enchantment, resented the least shadowy criticism of it from others. However, even he, with all his loyalty, could not see why any fellow would want to waste an afternoon ice-skating with a girl, and drinking ice-cream sodas. Well, yes, he could see the soda part of it.

"Where's this big box going, Mr. Breyer?"

"Too far away for a little fellow only eight years old to travel. It's going away down to East Thirty-eighth Street."

"Shucks, look at these legs! Bet they could walk it down and back."

"No, you don't! You hop a bus. Can't spend your afternoons strolling round town, if you expect to be a business man. There are other orders to go out today."

"Hot dickety! Big ones?"

As Tommy dashed off without waiting for an answer, Mr. Breyer stood at the window for a moment, watching him—a handsome little fellow; a rascal at times, but lovable always.

Tommy was in a high state of elation as he rode downtown atop the bus. Riotous thoughts of the prospective wealth that this errand would earn for him in a tip ran through his head, when he tried to take in the big wide world that stretched before his gaze—to say nothing of the feeling of importance that enveloped him on this, his first lone traveling experience. But while he waited in traffic, his little mind quickly reverted to "the secret" which was always uppermost in his thoughts these days.

"Boy! What if that big department store is near the hospital where the flowers are going?" Such a possibility almost upset his mental equilibrium. "And I could look at them!"

Before his childlike vision there paraded a dozen or more soldiers, straight and stiff in their bright uniforms.

"Mebbe a policeman could tell me how to get there."

Alighting at Thirty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, the city-bred child easily found the private hospital two blocks east. He made quick work of delivering the flowers. Luck continued to smile upon him, for he saw not only a policeman—in this neighborhood there were several at every street intersection—but right there at the curb a horse with one of these blue-uniformed gods. And what a horse!

"What's his name?" grinned Tommy.

"Napoleon! Here, give him this," handing the boy a piece of apple, "but don't stick your whole fist into his mouth. He doesn't use those teeth just to smile with, you know."

"You mean I can feed him myself?"

"Sure! He likes kids."

BUT even his passionate love of horses could not distract Tommy for very long from the business at hand. Digging into a pocket stuffed a little over capacity, he extracted from a collection of marbles, keys, screws, candy-wrappers, nut-shells,

and cord, a mangled newspaper clipping.

"Know where this is, Officer?"

"Sure; it's almost falling on you, it's that close. Wait till the light changes and then skip across the avenue. It's the building on the corner."

"Okay! Thanks a lot!" With a parting pat for Napoleon, Tommy was off again. Instinct guided him directly to the counter whereon was displayed a cavalcade of soldiers. Tommy gazed, awe-struck.

"How much would you let these go for—all of them? There are twelve; I counted them"—this last almost defiantly.

Looking at the price tag pasted on one of the figures, the salesgirl shattered his hopes (momentarily at least) with, "Five dollars for the set."

Poor Tommy! Five dollars, and he had exactly seventy cents!

"Well, I'll be back this way again sometime. I'm in a hurry now." But the sudden big-timer did not in the least deceive the sympathetic salesgirl.

"Don't feel so bad about it. Maybe someone will give you the set for Christmas."

"Oh, they're not for me. I wanted them for—" Tommy caught himself quickly. This would never do! He must be more on his guard. Why, here he was on the verge of telling a perfect stranger the secret he had kept for almost three whole weeks, even from his mother.

"Gosh, girls get my goat! Always snoopin' into a fella's private life," muttered Disappointed Youth, as he swung onto an uptown bus.

The next few weeks were trying ones, filled with emotional strain for the youngster. His mischievous and winning ways got him in and out of all kinds of trouble, principally with Jack as his opposite. That young gentleman was constantly threatening to take back his job, though secretly fearing to be taken at his word—while the ice lasted.

WELL, I guess my 'rithmetic teacher would be proud of me today, if she knew about this close figuring. Just two days before Christmas, and here is exactly \$5.05. Five dollars for the soljers, and five cents for 'sub' fare home!" So Tommy congratulated himself as he rode downtown. (He had long since given up the luxurious bus travel.)

Alighting at Times Square, he climbed the steep stairs. He walked along for about a block, beaming at everyone, and

CHARITY must expand, or it will die.



Stuffin's for Santa's Pack

IN addition to tissue paper and cellophane between toys and books for girls and boys, gay bunting ties for father, furry coats and pearly beads for mother, and sweet boxes for everybody, we suggest another kind of paper—THE FIELD AFAR.

We offer it at a Christmas bargain rate, six subscriptions for five dollars. An attractive card, bearing your name, will be sent to each of those for whom you subscribe.

then, before breaking into a run, thought it best to secure his wealth by holding it tightly in his hand. He reached into his coat pocket where he had placed it. It—it was not there! Frantically, the child tugged and turned inside-out all his pockets. The five-cent piece, his return fare, was the only money he found. He uttered no sound; the hurt was too painful for words. The unknowing crowds rushed past, unaware of the tragedy that had occurred; and, after a little while, the boy allowed himself to be borne along.

A FEW blocks farther on, he found himself in front of a church. He walked in, right up to the altar rail, and there had it out. He sobbed as though his little heart would break. After a bit, he calmed down, and then addressed these whispered words directly to the Tabernacle: "And when You wake up tomorrow night in the Crib, dear Jesus, don't look for any toy soljers, 'cause they won't be there. I was going to s'prize You with them, but there's no use keeping it a secret any longer. I was just getting ready to buy them, when I losted the money. I'm sorry, 'cause You're a King, and kings should have soljers."

Tommy could never quite reconcile the feeling of happiness he had that day with the terrible disappointment he had sustained; and, being very young, he did not try. Yet, for many years, there were times when he secretly regretted that he had not been able to give His Little Majesty the toy soldiers for His birthday.

IT was Christmas Eve again, twenty years later. In a little brick house in Manchukuo, Father Hill bolted the door and sat down alone, with his faithful

old pipe, before a cheery fire. He had decorated the Crib in the church and had a few hours to rest before saying Midnight Mass. There would be few in the congregation, he feared, for those who were to have been baptized at this first Mass of the Feast could not come because of the troubled condition of the country. This was a big disappointment to the youthful missionary. He had so wanted to give these souls to the Holy Child for His birthday. He bowed his head in his hands, and suddenly experienced the same keen, sharp stab of pain that had wounded him as a child, when he had reached into his pocket and realized he had lost the money for the toy soldiers.

A loud rapping at the door interrupted the priest's reverie. These were troublesome times, and ordinarily Father Hill would have hesitated before opening the door. But open it he did, and—was he dreaming? There before his astonished gaze stood a group of soldiers. In another moment they were inside the small sitting room, and their spokesman was offering an explanation for their intrusion.

"There was a fellow in our troop who had been a catechist before the war broke out, and he used to tell us stories at night, as we sat around the fire. Then, after a bit, he began to teach us the catechism; but most of them dropped out for this part. Just the twelve of us stayed on. A few weeks ago, a bullet got the poor fellow. He didn't die right away. He had time to tell us to keep studying by ourselves, and, if ever we got near any of these places, to look for the priest and ask him to baptize us." The soldier drew from his pocket a piece of paper, from which the priest read the familiar names and mission stations of several Maryknollers, his own among them.

"We hated to come in on you so late at night; but, *Shen Foo*, could you not baptize us for Christmas?"

FATHER HILL examined each man separately and found all well informed. There was no doubt whatever about their sincerity, and so they were baptized. Then they took their places in military formation before the Crib, facing the altar.

Kneeling at the altar rail for a moment before vesting, the young priest addressed these words directly to the Tabernacle:

"And when You waken in the Crib tonight, dear Jesus, look at the soldiers. They are Yours, because You are a King, and kings should have soldiers."

Ia missionary priest or nun! Why not? Think it over.

THE FIELD AFAR
THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



TO all friends—east, west, north, and south, here and there along the line, at home, abroad, and over the oceans—we send a warm Christmas greeting. May the Christ Child, the only source of true Peace, bless us all and strengthen us to make known to others the love we know He bears toward every child of man.

THE late Father Price, co-founder of Maryknoll, loved to speak of the Blessed Virgin as The Immaculate Conception. And why not? We Catholics who know of the apparition at Lourdes remember well that our Blessed Mother announced herself to Saint Bernadette under this title: *I am The Immaculate Conception.*

December eighth is a day of great happiness in every community where The Immaculate Conception reigns. Ask her special protection for all missionaries.

THIS month recalls to every missionary the feast of Saint Francis Xavier. To Maryknollers this patron saint of the missions appeals most intimately, since Sancian Island—the spot from which his heroic soul took flight to heaven—is a part of our Kongmoon Mission.

The story of the saint's death on

that lonely island has often been told.

The pastor of the Sancian Island mission has arranged pilgrimages to this hallowed spot and has endeavored from time to time to restore somewhat the ruinous condition of the memorial chapel there. Many prayers have resulted, and graces are sure to follow. Material aid has been withheld, but we are always hopeful that devout clients of Saint Francis Xavier will yet express their interest in the efforts now being made by American apostles who, walking in Xavier's footsteps, are striving to make that island a fitting sanctuary of devotion and faith.

AS we go to press word from Rome reaches us of the appointment of Right Reverend William F. O'Shea, M.M., as Prefect Apostolic of Pengyang, Korea. Monsignor O'Shea, who first went to the missions in 1919, was recalled in 1925 to take over the task of Treasurer General of the Society, at which time he was appointed to the Superior General's Council. At the Society's Chapter meeting in Hong Kong, 1936, Monsignor was re-elected to the Council and has since served in the General Administration of the Society at the Center.

A photograph of the new Prefect Apostolic will be found on page 246 of this issue.

Congratulations, Monsignor!

ARCHBISHOP GOODIER, for some years a missionary in Bombay, India, returned to England and, for the past ten years, has devoted his life to a literary apostolate. But he has not forgotten his missionary interest, and in a recent volume "History and Religion" we find this very trenchant observation: "Perhaps the greatest problem facing all statesmen today and in the immediate future is the awakening of the East. Yet, had the Christian development in Japan, begun

by Xavier in the sixteenth century, been allowed to pursue its normal course, had it not been crushed to death, mainly at the instigation of Dutch and English traders, what a different tale we would have been able to tell of present conditions in the world of the Pacific! It needed but a little more, and in the seventeenth century Japan would have been a Christian nation of the same mind and heart as ourselves; early in the seventeenth century when persecution broke out, the Christians in Japan numbered half a million, including not a few of the noblest."

Our missionaries are doing their part to awaken the East. They believe that, if they are backed by prayers of those at home, what was almost accomplished three centuries ago in Japan can, with God's help, be brought about in the not-too-far-distant future.

THE Mission Intention for which the Holy Father asks prayers this month is "For schools in Japan."

The intention is timely and indicative of the world-wide vision of the Supreme Pontiff. Recently a decree was issued by the Ministry of Public Education in Japan, addressed to all directors of schools throughout the Empire, which said that while it is important for teachers to adopt an impartial and non-interfering attitude in respect to religious creeds, they should make a point of not criticizing or belittling the religious sentiments of their pupils.

Undoubtedly this decree indicates a marked change in the attitude of the authorities, and one which, if followed to its logical conclusion, can mean nothing else but the dawning of that day which will see religious training as a necessity in the development of the national character.

In an article on Christian Education in Japan, Shigeharu Kimura says: "The tide of materialism and Marxism which once swept over the country [Japan] with overwhelming force and propensity is gradually receding. The educational authorities have discovered that the cause of thought troubles and the decline of moral standards of young

The Holy Father's Mission
Intention for December, 1938:

For Schools in Japan.

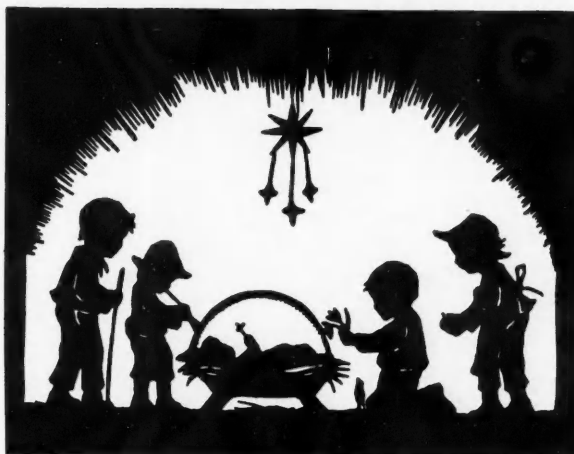
men today is chiefly due to the fact that the cultivation of religious faith on the part of young people has hitherto been practically neglected in carrying out the national program of general education. The educational authorities now realize the importance of the cultivation of religious faith and are beginning to pay more attention to character building of young men along with the importation and transmission of knowledge and information."

The Japanese educational authorities realize that it is not education alone that makes men. Invariably they recognize the best, and they possess the enviable talent of choosing it unhesitatingly. Is there in the world today an educational system which can offer to the Japanese the ideal formation of character, of tempered discipline for body, mind, and soul? Catholics know the answer.

In his encyclical "Christian Education of Youth" the Holy Father points out: "It pertains to the State, in view of the common good, to promote in various ways the education and instruction of youth. It should begin by encouraging and assisting, of its own accord, the initiative and activity of the Church and the family, whose successes in this field have been clearly demonstrated by history and experience. It should, moreover, supplement their work whenever this falls short of what is necessary, even by means of its own schools and institutions. For the State more than any other society is provided with the means put at its disposal for the needs of all, and it is only right that it use these means to the advantage of those who have contributed them."

"Over and above this, the State can exact and take measures to secure that all its citizens have the necessary knowledge of their civic and political duties, and a certain degree of physical, intellectual, and moral culture, which, considering the conditions of our times, is really necessary for the common good."

Certainly, the more closely the



*"A gleaming star rose in the East for watching herds to see,
And weakness came to Bethlehem, and strength to Galilee."*

temporal power of a nation aligns itself with the spiritual, and the more it fosters and promotes the latter, by so much the more does it contribute to the conservation of the commonwealth.

The civil authorities in Japan have begun to realize that "when literary, social, domestic, and religious education do not go hand in hand, man is unhappy and helpless." The Catholic Church alone is the authoritative teaching body appointed by God to "teach all things." Hence, the Holy Father's Mission Intention for December.



*The heavens declare his justice;
all people shall see his glory.*

THE anniversary of Our Lord's Nativity brings to souls attuned to Christ the desire for a oneness with the Holy Family, and we grope for some common factor of sense experience upon which the senses may rely without misgiving. "Lift up your eyes and see," for above our heads are the same witnessing creatures that looked down on Nazareth.

The stars and planets which we see at night are the same which the Holy Mother and Saint Joseph gazed upon in prayerful humility, under the outstretched hand of the Creator. Somewhere, tucked away



**HOW to make friends and win
people may be solved with
subscriptions to *The Field Afar*
—six years for five dollars.**

in the folds of night, amid the millions of constellations, there is one star which was seen in the East by the Magi, and which led them to Bethlehem. It takes millions of years for many of the stars to send their rays to earth, yet the rays which light our eyes at night left their source but as yesterday to shine on the hillside home of Jesus and Mary and Joseph. When Coventry Patmore's daughter was first shown the starry host at the age of three, she thought the heavens were "untidy." The little Jesus knew better, for He saw them from top-side, as well as from below; and from top-side they looked very tidy indeed.

And the moon which announced the beginning of each successive month of His first year, and of all the thirty years that followed at Nazareth, shines over us with the same slender beauty. It also shone one night, a full moon, a paschal moon, over a Garden, and silvered the red blood, born of Mary's womb and nourished to manhood's strength at Nazareth.

The sun which we see is the same which shone on His upturned baby face, as Mary sought for Him its gentle warmth during that first winter. It kissed His baby cheek and made Him smile; it cheered His baby heart, just as it cheers ours. For those thirty years it rose over Thabor and sank over Carmel. Certainly, if we need some common factor of sense experience and imagination, we find it in the stars, the moon, and the sun, all of which shone down on the Holy Family, and also shine sweetly upon us.

The secret of the Holy Family lights the faces of millions of happy children, who are the God-given joy of their parents' hearts, and makes light some the declining days of millions who can look ahead to meeting Jesus and Mary on that other shore, beyond which there is no other. The Christian hearths and homes of our own land and time bear witness, before a heartless world, to that Heart of hearts, which beat with love for all for thirty years within the Holy House of Nazareth.

The missionaries' hope and prayer at this blessed Christmastide are that the same secret may be carried by them into the hundred million hearts who as yet know Him not. Ours the joy to know, ours the duty to help bring that same joy to pagan souls.



By Luke Ch'en, Chinese

COMPARED with the vast proportions of the mission world, the amount of existing local Christian art is relatively small and, except in a few cases, as yet is not outstanding from the viewpoint of quality. It is the idea which is great. It is the dream of tomorrow rather than the spectacle of today which awakens enthusiasm.

For local Christian art is but one phase of the great principle of adaptation. On the application of this principle, many missionaries believe, depends the penetration of Christianity into the civilization of Asia. The Church has not yet entered into the life of China, Japan, or India. We have approximately fifteen million out of a total of a billion, or fifteen out of every thousand—a small though promising nucleus. But the penetration of the cultures of these lands with the Christian idea has not yet advanced very far.

One means of promoting this penetration, missionaries believe, is to conform the outer apparel of Christianity to local style. They feel that in this way Christianity will be at home all over the earth.

His Excellency, Archbishop Celso Costantini, former Apostolic Delegate to China, became one of the foremost exponents



Christianity in Oriental

of this adaptation in the mission world, particularly in the matter of art and architecture, and he succeeded in interesting in his ideas a well-known Chinese artist of Peking, who later became a Catholic, Mr. Luke Ch'en. This

gentleman has since been joined by other Chinese artists. Their work merits unqualified praise, since, as it is accepted by both pagan and Christian Chinese, we can feel certain that they have succeeded in interpreting Chris-



By Theresa Koseki, Japanese

tras

ntl Art



joined
Their
raise,
both
e, we
have
Chris-



By Unknown Chinese Artist

ian ideas in high-quality Chinese style.

In the Japanese Empire, a group of Catholic artists have founded the *Catholic Artists' Guild* and have done some interesting work, particularly in the field of painting. They have held several exhibitions in Tokyo. Among the artists whose works were presented were: Seikyo Okayama, a convert who has made several contributions to the Lateran Museum in Rome; Luke Hasegawa, who likewise has exhibits in the Lateran; Miss Kemiko Ozeki; and Miss Thérèse Koséki.

A church in Japanese style has been erected at Nara; in Korea one was erected at Shingishu; and some excellent work in painting has been done by a young Korean Catholic, Louis Chang.



By Therese Koséki, Japanese

More and more the principle of adaptation in art is being accepted. This will have its influence first on the missionaries and then on the Christian artists of these countries, to whom we must look for any truly great achievements in this field.

The examples of Oriental art given on these pages are but a

few of the Nativity scenes executed by artists of China, Japan, and Korea. With the encouragement of local and ecclesiastical authority, there is promise of a development which can only redound to the glory of these ancient nations and to a strengthening of the Church in foreign lands.



By Louis Chang, Korean



Wang of Ancient Virtue Market

THE only mart worthy of the name in the Manchu town of Ancient Virtue was Wang the grain merchant's place.

On the day of which I write, a cart driver from far out in the country was unloading sacks of *kao liang mi* in front of Wang's shop, while a little boy looked on, asking questions, as boys the world over will.

The unloading-persiflage episode had been going on for some time when Wang appeared at the door, escorting a foreigner from the shop. The cart driver stood still and stared as the strange-looking individual passed, but the boy bowed respectfully and muttered an unintelligible greeting.

"What countryman is he? He does what business?" the cart driver asked the boy.

"He teaches Heavenly Lord's doctrine."

The cart driver laughed. "To have sufficient food and a place to sleep is my doctrine."

The boy was hurt by the laugh, yet he would not show it and *lose face*. He retorted calmly, "To desire in this life only sufficient food and a place to sleep is a suitable standard for cattle and beasts, but

Brother Peter tells the story of Wang the merchant who reaped a harvest of his own.

man is a superior being."

Wang the merchant had been standing in the doorway all this while and had overheard the conversation. He had long been battling with himself on the subject.

That night, after evening rice, the Wang family as usual sat on the *kang*, talking idle talk. Wang's wife noticed that her husband lacked interest in even the choicest bits of gossip she had to tell. When, finally, he mentioned what he had heard the boy say to the cart driver, she gave way to admiration and flowery phrases in praise of the missionary. Her tongue lost its usual sharpness as she commented on his care of the sick in his dispensary.

Then came the night of the big fire that spread from one thatched roof to the other until more than seventy dwellings were ablaze. The

Shen Foo was on the scene, helping in the rescue work, directing the homeless to the mission, where his catechist had turned the chapel and doctrine classroom into emergency quarters.

When the fire was over, the *Shen Foo* returned to the mission and found Wang and his wife helping to arrange the fire victims in their temporary quarters. After all were settled for the night, the *Shen Foo*, whose charities always kept him worried about finances, said, "How can we feed these people until they can care for themselves?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Wang responded, "We can feed them!" His resistance had at last broken down; he now had faith and hope, and he added the third virtue of charity. He opened his shop and gave of his store of grain.

Wang's influence in Ancient Virtue Market was great, and as he continued to store, buy, and sell the farmers' harvests of grain, he reaped a harvest of souls from seeds he casually scattered in chance conversation. It had been just such a chance remark that spurred him on; he never lost an opportunity to provide similar inspiration for others.

PERPETUAL Membership,
with *The Field Afar* for life,
fifty dollars.

Frozen Feet

Mission dispensaries treat many odd cases, but Sister Mercedes, of Brooklyn, votes this "the case of the month."

IN far-away Manchukuo, where the lazy mercury slumps all winter long in a rut forty degrees below the zero line, a poor old man limped slowly through the narrow streets of Fushun, painfully making his way to the mission dispensary. In answer to his timid knock, the *doctor*—Sister Mercedes—opened the door. For the first few moments, no sound save that of chattering teeth came from the bundle of rags blocking the opening.

But no matter! Sister gently led her guest into the room. He told the kind lady, as best he could, about the pain in his feet. An examination disclosed that they were frozen. It was a serious case; and, while Sister was wondering how best to tell him that amputation of both feet would probably be necessary, the philosophical gentleman suggested the operation himself. But it was decided to see what could be done with treatments.

The treatments stayed the pain, but did not effect a cure; and there came a night when it was impossible for the patient to return to his

lodging *à pied*. Sister Mercedes called a rickshaw, and while helping her patient into the vehicle, she was amazed to hear the carrier refuse to accept the passenger, because of his soiled and spotted clothes. To emphasize his meaning, he gave the rickshaw a sudden jerk and, in so doing, knocked the old man's foot. Off it came.

It all happened so quickly that the owner of the severed member was unaware of his loss until the fastidious carrier, looking at an object on the ground, inquired:

"*Ai yah!* Is that your foot?"



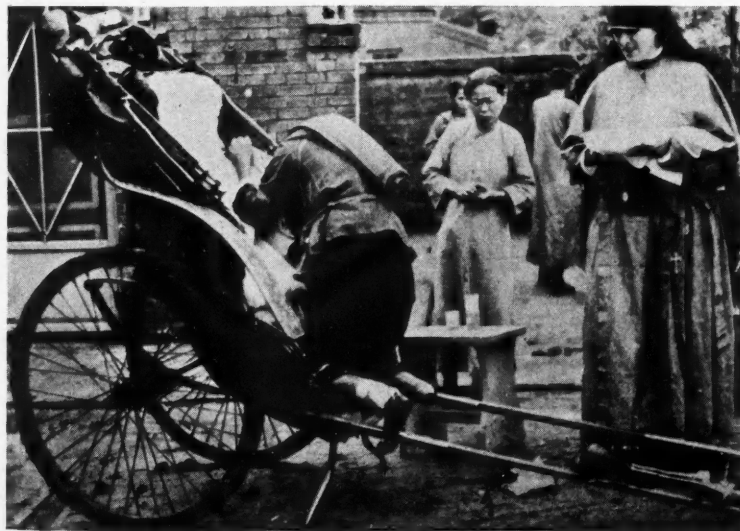
Fushun rickshaws are not cruisers. The tired puller naps between trips.

With professional efficiency and skill, Sister Mercedes sent the carriage-man into the dispensary for her medicine kit and tools, while she converted the rickshaw into an operating table. Imagine *Beau Brummel's* disgust and chagrin when he was asked to help lift the old man and assist with the bandaging of the bleeding stump! But he did, nevertheless; and, before the ministrations were completed, the Fushun street scene had attracted a few score curious onlookers. Fortunately, their curiosity was not repressed; they asked what they wanted to know—who was this lady, why was she here, what was her religion, and numerous other questions.

When Sister Mercedes stopped at her patient's lodgings the following morning, she found a delegation there to meet her and to ask another question: would she please teach them more about her God?

After all, it is not such a long step from frozen feet to frozen souls, and the missionary is blessed indeed who can so serve.

The frozen foot fell off when the rickshaw puller hit it.





Christmas at Maryknoll

Christmas at Bedford—

The memory of our Christmas at Bedford will long remain with each of us. What splendid days those were! What happy scenes took place! Our house was once a cattle barn, so we liked the thought of actually spending Christmas in a stable. That realization added to the general spirit of joy and happiness pervading the place, since it brought Our Lord so much closer to us.

It brings Our Lord so much closer to us.

Of the many memories to be treasured of Christmas at Bedford, our awakening to the music of the carolers is perhaps the happiest. The hymns, pleasant to the ear, were reëchoed by the heart. Then the signal for procession, and we all were ready to burst into song. The great event was at hand.

Six candles burned softly; Mass was begun. The chanters announced: "A Child is born unto us. . . Glory to God in the highest!" The meaning and the joy of the coming of Our Lord was surely never more vivid to any of us. After Mass we all went to the refectory for a snack of this and that

CHRISTMAS at Maryknoll is an enviable experience," writes one who has had it. It certainly is a spiritually delightful experience, because there are what visitors refer to as "atmosphere" and what every resident on the Knoll agrees to be ideally beautiful surroundings. Then there is the company gathered for a common cause, and that the cause of the Savior of mankind. His birthday here is commemorated not with noisy hilarity and its sad reaction, but with the joy of hearts attuned to that of the Infant King, and with such a peace as the angels announced on their first Christmas night.

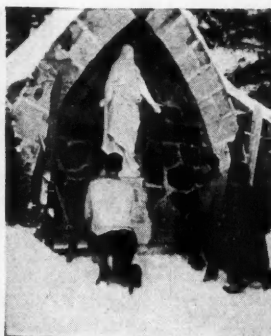
"Christmas at Maryknoll" has a special meaning to the members of a family scattered throughout the world. Whether in Rome, or tramping through blizzards in Manchukuo or Korea, or sweltering in Honolulu or the Philippines, or again enjoying better weather in South China and in Japan, the sons of Maryknoll turn their thoughts homeward on Christmas Day.

They vision again the scene in which they once had a part: students bringing laurel for decora-

tions; carolers awakening the community for Midnight Mass; the student choir bursting into the music of the *Gloria*; the long line of Sisters at their own Motherhouse marching through the clear, cold night, carrying candle lanterns in honor of the Christ Child. With a smile, too, these scattered Knollers recall the antics of Santa Claus in the refectory, and we believe that the simple affair, already full of traditions and happy moments, becomes even more pleasant in retrospect.



Voices may be off key, but hearts are attuned to that of the Infant King.



Vacation days that follow Christmas were filled with skating and skiing—the skiers seeking Our Lady's care.

—but more for the fun of receiving a present from the local Santa, an event much discussed and long anticipated. This was our first participation in an old Maryknoll custom; it was great fun. The idea was to present to each novice some little article which bore directly on his character. For the next hour pandemonium reigned, as we pried into these and, at the same time, proudly exhibited the gifts which came from the thoughtful, loving folks at home. It was a happy and satisfied group that sat around the Christmas tree.

Dinner, next day, proved to be a huge success, judging from the chorus of approval that reached our ears in the kitchen, and from the way our once-proud turkeys disappeared.

The vacation days that followed seemed to fairly fly. There were skating, skiing, hiking, even ice-boating, to occupy the time. And in the evening we would all gather about the Christmas tree for songs and stories. Pleasant days and pleasant nights those, which will endure as beautiful, living memories. Yes, Christmas at Bedford was spent happily and peacefully, for all of us were united in Christ with Maryknoll.

Foreign Mission Brothers—

When the autumn leaves were at their best, and the early morning air reminded us that we are not as young as once we were, a small group of the Auxiliary Brothers took over St. Teresa's House as a Novitiate. These young men who

have completed the course as postulants began the year of noviceship with a ten-day retreat, which concluded with the ceremony of Investiture—the reception of the habit of the Foreign Mission Brothers of St. Michael. The Vicar General of Maryknoll, Very Rev. James M. Drought, presided at the ceremony, which was held in the Brothers' chapel.

Under the guidance of their Novice Master, Father Killoran, the

novices will spend a full year at St. Teresa's in the development of the spiritual life. They are: Brother John (William J. La Motte, Los Angeles, Calif.); Brother Jude (Howard H. Barnes, Forestville, Conn.); Brother Anthony (Paul J. Curran, E. Boston, Mass.); Brother Cornelius (David J. Christie, Waterville, Conn.); Brother Augustine (Joseph P. Carr, Brooklyn, N. Y.); Brother Walter (Walter A. Cochems, Lancaster, Calif.).



"Christmas at Maryknoll" has a special meaning to a family scattered throughout the world.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

A Christmas Rose

IT was Christmas Eve in the little Chinese village of North River; and, though some of the fields were green, the wind blew chill across the low hills. The streets were deserted, for it was the hour of the evening meal, and the families were gathered about steaming rice pots behind closed doors. Occasionally, dim lights behind paper windowpanes made a yellow splash across the blue dusk. Two Sisters in long black mantles hurried down the narrow, devious way. The visit to a sick woman outside the village had kept them late, and tonight they had to finish decorating the church and practice the music for Midnight Mass.

Christmas! In Sister Rosalie's mind was just a faint echo of a remembrance: Christmas trees, and snow, and presents; the jolly family far away, and her dear mother's face. She was too busy to think about the past; forget it! And just then she stumbled and almost fell.

"Well, Sister," said her companion, helping her up, "I thought *my* feet were big, but at least they don't get in each other's way."

A feeble sound like the creak of a rusty hinge cut through the silence and brought both Sisters to attention. Sister Rosalie stooped and touched something, the little bundle that had tripped her in the dark street. It was an armful of dirty rags, and inside them was something that moved feebly and wailed. "Another baby," she said, taking it in her arms. Hurriedly they covered the remaining distance; the wall of the mission compound loomed dark before them; the Moon Gate swallowed them up; and, once more, the street was deserted.

Inside, in the bare little reception room, the yellow light from the kerosene lamp showed them the treasure they had picked up—a girl child of six months or so, its wasted little body and face hideous with the unmistakable sores of smallpox.

Sister Rosalie put the child in an isolated room at one end of the compound. She feared that the baby would slip away from the world without warning, so she baptized her first. Hurriedly groping about in her mind for a name, she seemed to recall that somewhere she had

heard of a Christmas Rose. "Mary Rose, I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The new-made little Christian wailed and struggled feebly as the chill water struck her head. Hurriedly Sister Rosalie attended to the child, shouting out directions to the Sisters: to stay outside, to leave beside the door infant's food, disinfectant, hot water, soap. . . She managed to get some warm food down the parched little throat and left the child lying cozy, asleep, wrapped in clean blankets, in a little box crib. Then she changed her garments and washed, before joining the other Sisters at supper and at the work of preparing the

Crib in the bare little church.

Midnight Mass, and the people came in flocks, poor, barefooted, thin, and toil-worn. They crowded the church to the walls and even stood outside looking in at doors and windows. Sister Rosalie thought now and again of Mary Rose, as the church filled, and she looked over the Proper of the Midnight Mass. The rickety organ was light and skidded easily, so Sister Rosalie had to hold on to it to keep it anchored while she pumped at the pedals, singing and playing at the same time, searching for the notes, of which she was never quite sure. She put on all the power the little organ possessed; the other two Sisters who made



Mary Rose waxed fat and lovable, and Sister wondered what God might have in store for her.

up the little community quavered forth bravely; the poor dull faces of the tired coolies and farmer folk glowed with joy and devotion.

As the Sisters sang, the grandeur of the Christmas liturgy struck Sister Rosalie with a force that made her throat tight and brought tears to her eyes, as the priest bent over and confessed to Almighty God and to all the poor farmer folk of North River village that he had sinned exceedingly, through his most grievous fault. Sister Rosalie hoped that Mary Rose was asleep. Somehow the utter abjection of the little waif had taken hold of her heart.

Strangely, Mary Rose lived on, day after day, and by Epiphany the smallpox had cleared up; she was able to look around and squall lustily. Sister Rosalie watched anxiously, fearing that the dreaded infection might spread to others on the compound. Daily the Sisters repeated fervently the quaint old prayer which begs Mary, Mother of the Missions, to drive away fire, flood, thunder, thieves, pestilence, heresies, earthquakes, all forms of disaster. The days drew on towards the Chinese New Year; Mary Rose waxed fat and lovable; and Mary, Mother of Missions, heard their prayers, for the pestilence did not spread, and neither thieves, nor heresies, nor earthquakes troubled their busy days.

During the first bright days of the February New Year, the firecrackers popped busily day and night, and the village streets were crowded with people in all their brightest and best array. Sister Rosalie, bathing Mary Rose, wondered what things God might have in store for this little one, whom He had picked out, from among the millions of Chinese children, to be saved and made Christian on that Christmas Eve! She slapped powder on the tiny back and felt a warm glow in her heart as five little fingers closed tightly about her thumb. "Gug-gug-gug," remarked Mary Rose, "gug-gug-gooooo!" How funny it was that dogs and ducks and babies in China talked the same language as they did in America! And what would Mary Rose be when she grew up? God had something in mind, she was sure.

Sixteen years later. Christmas Eve. A big ceremony was to take place, before Midnight Mass in the large new mission church. The place was crowded with hundreds of Christians. The first group of native girls was to be received as novices in a Chinese Sisterhood. Twelve tall girls, in their blue gowns and black veils, slowly and with



Squalls and signs of approaching storms appear, but Sister remains calm.

dignity walked down the aisle, with hands folded and eyes cast down. Mary Rose, the senior and first in the group, knelt down to receive her habit and white veil and her new name. "Henceforth," said the priest, "your name will be Sister Mary Rosalie." Mary Rose was happy. She had asked for that name in honor

of the foreign Sister who had saved her life, and who had been a wise and kind mother to her all her sixteen years. Slowly she walked back to her place in the crowded church, at the head of the line of white-veiled novices. How wonderful it was going to be, spending her life teaching her own people about God, and helping the poor and the little children!

The choir of Chinese boys burst forth in a glorious shout as the priest bent low at the Confiteor.

Old Sister Rosalie, kneeling in the back of the church, wept with joy at hearing the sublime words of the Christmas Mass. She felt that somehow she shared in God's Fatherhood; that the mission, and the Christians, and the white-veiled novices, and especially Mary Rose, were her children. And with bowed head she joined in the response: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. . ."—Sister Mary Juliana

OUR CLOISTERED SISTERS

AMONG the daily tasks in their life of "loving contemplation, prayer, fasting and penance" consecrated to the spiritual needs of the Missions are two labors of love, the making of altar breads and the promotion of Little Flower reading.

The SPIRIT of St. Therese.....90¢

The AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Wrapper.....50¢ Cloth.....\$1.00

Postage Extra

Maryknoll Cloister, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men
and things missionary

IN the late twenties, a young priest from northern Italy engaged himself actively in the national office of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome. In 1930 he became Secretary General, at the world headquarters of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for the Native Clergy. Tall and spare of build, with a constitution which was not strong, he bore an almost ascetic look, but dissipated any suspicion of dourness by vivaciousness of manner and genial cordiality in all his dealings.

His zeal for the missions, his able administration, his exceptional gifts of culture and intelligence, made his choice as Apostolic Delegate to China one of Rome's most popular appointments in years. Thus we have the pre-China background of His Excellency, Archbishop Mario Zanin, the present representative of the Holy See in that land of four hundred millions.

The five years since his assignment have continued to give stature to what was already a very gracious figure. Archbishop Zanin dedicated himself from his arrival to visiting the vast expanse of missions which dot an area the size of all Europe and are served but poorly by means of transportation. He has proven to prelates, priests, religious, Catholic laymen, and to great numbers of civil authorities, that he is thoroughly devoted to the welfare of the populace among whom he labors. Since the outbreak of the present conflict, he has spent himself tirelessly to give spirit to the stricken hosts and has organized relief work widely and successfully. There has never been in his acts or utterances the touch of anything political, but only the limitless solicitude of the servant of Christ. Certainly, on the horizon of China, there looms in this emissary of the Holy See a figure of striking nobility.

We have the opportunity to speak of all this because, recently, Archbishop Zanin celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. The event found him in South China; and we are delighted to report that he chose the Maryknoll House in Stanley, Hong Kong, as his sojourn during the spiritual retreat which he made to mark the occasion. On the anniversary day itself, he walked down the hill from our residence to the Carmelite cloister nearby and celebrated his Mass.

Mme. Ito and her daughter, recent visitors at Maryknoll.

Our heartfelt wishes to Archbishop Zanin, and a pledge of our admiring devotion!

Fruits of Japan's Schools—

Two recent visitors at Maryknoll, products of Catholic schools in Japan, were Rear Admiral Shinziro Yamamoto and Mme. Monica Ito. The former became a Catholic while a student at "Morning Star School" of the Brothers of Mary in Tokyo. Later he was tutor to the present Emperor of Japan, then Crown Prince. Admiral Yamamoto spoke to both communities at Maryknoll during his recent visit, urging "still greater sacrifice and prayer" for the conversion of his countrymen.

Mme. Ito became a Catholic during the course of her studies at the College of the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Tokyo. Her husband was also a Catholic and product of Catholic education. Mme. Ito is the foundress and active head of a girls' school in Tokyo. It is her hope that the four hundred pupils under her instruction may enjoy the same opportunities which are hers as a member of the Catholic Church.

Lo Pa Hong Anniversary—

On December 30, 1937, unknown assassins murdered Shanghai's great friend of

the poor, Joseph Lo Pa Hong. Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, Illinois, once called him "the greatest living layman in the world."

During twenty-seven years of charitable work, this Catholic Chinese layman accounted for the baptism of four hundred thousand souls, ranging from abandoned waifs to men prominent in the business world of Shanghai. He erected numerous chapels and, before his death, was planning to construct a national shrine to the Sacred Heart in Nanking. He established hospitals and had just completed a high school that was to cater to one thousand young ladies.

A year has passed since Mr. Lo's soul went to God. What of his charities? We are happy to find that Bishop Haouisee, the shepherd of Shanghai, has accepted responsibility for them, together with the multiple burdens which have been created for him by the Sino-Japanese hostilities. Under his wise direction and that of a committee of experienced Catholics, Francis Lo Yin Kung, Lo Pa Hong's son, is seeking to gather the support necessary for the tremendous ventures. We hope that this scion of one who achieved principally through a passionate power given only to saints proves that he possesses the deep and enduring ardor of his father. If so, Joseph Lo's works will go on despite all difficulties.





Earnestness at Madras—

During December, representatives of the world Protestant mission movement are meeting at Madras, India. Many very noble and great-visioned men and women will consider matters having to do with an activity which in its idealism represents a beautiful page of human endeavor during the past century.

John R. Mott, one of the deans in this activity, expresses the hope that "our company as a whole, we of every race and land and communion, may before we separate be bound together in the unity of the Faith, as well as in the larger knowledge of the Son of God, in an enduring Christian fellowship against which nothing can prevail."

In these days when powerful adversaries strike with viciousness against the foundations of all Christian institutions, against all religion, Catholic thinking people no longer give serious regard to Protestantism as an enemy. The offshoots of the Reformation now represent only dissipated forces of the Christian body whose strength is on the wane and whose weakness spells weakness for Christianity as a whole.

Hence, we turn toward Madras and all similar gatherings with a prayer on our lips that the intensified earnestness and the heightened resolves may prompt the participants and the groups for whom they speak to move toward the step which, above all others, will promote most efficaciously the cause to which they are dedicated, union with the See of Peter.

Duluth and Missions—

One of Maryknoll's friends from earliest days is Bishop Thomas A. Welch, of Duluth. Through the years, he has

An old friend of our China-knollers goes to Canada—Most Rev. J. Antoniutti (second from left) the new Apostolic Delegate to Canada, formerly Secretary at the Apostolic Delegation, Peiping.

been deeply understanding and generously helpful. In a recent statement on missions, he singles out Maryknoll for special mention. On the mission ideal itself his words are strong and clear.

"We think of the millions in our own country," says Bishop Welch, "who hold false and distorted views of Christian Truth, and of the vast numbers who sit in complacent unbelief. We think of the many Catholics in remote and out-of-the-way places of this land, among whom the light of faith burns fainter and fainter because of the lack of religious services. We think also of the countless souls in far-off lands, who have never so much as heard of the gospel of eternal life.

"The Apostle Paul had all such in mind when he wrote to the converts in Rome, asking, 'How shall they believe him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?' Today we may likewise ask, 'How shall the unbelieving multitudes in our home and foreign mission lands believe in Christ of whom they have not heard? How shall they hear the preachers of Christ unless they are sent to them?'"

IF you "dare not" ask your friend to take the paper you like so much, make him a Christmas present of a year's subscription.

"To comparatively few is given this call to act as official envoys of Christ, but all who are not favored with this call to active duty in the mission fields have the responsibility of aiding those who are. To share in their labors and sacrifices by fervent prayer and generous alms is the formal duty of all members of the Church. All can and should constantly pray to Almighty God that the courage and strength of those who answer the Master's call may never fail them in their arduous task."

Pius XI and the Jews—

On the Jewish New Year, which occurred in September, the *Jewish Examiner*, largest Hebrew paper in America, announced the year's Jewish roll of honor, which bears the names of five public men who have shown outstanding regard for Jewry. Central figure among the five is Pope Pius XI. The remaining four are Cordell Hull, Harold Ickes, Myron Taylor, and Eddie Cantor.

It is evident from many sources that Jews throughout the world feel deeply appreciative toward the Vicar of Christ, who has spoken with such forthrightness against the wrongs that have been inflicted under the name of racism. He has but repeated the principles laid down by Christ: that under God all men are one; that while men in their weakness may forever quarrel, no thesis is to be accepted which seeks to establish that there are insurmountable differences, irremovable superiorities or inferiorities, which keep men from living in mutual respect and concord. This fundamental oneness is the preliminary for Christ's words, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

On the Maryknoll Newsfront



Monsignor O'Shea

the Home Knoll, for which experience in pre-seminary days had prepared him. For two years he was Rector of the Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania.

Monsignor O'Shea's territory of nineteen thousand square miles, inhabited by two and a half millions, includes nineteen mission stations. It is staffed by thirty-one priests, three Brothers, and twenty-four Sisters.

Stanley is Honored—

Archbishop Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, with Father George M. Daly on the steps of Stanley House.

His Excellency came there for a few days of quiet recollection in preparation for the Silver Anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Archbishop Zanin succeeded to his pontifical office in January, 1934. Since the outbreak of hostilities in the Orient in



His Excellency, Archbishop Zanin and Father George M. Daly, M.M.

but bees with chips on their wings? know, after his experience.

"Due to heavy rains and the flow of water from the Ch'ang pai range, the Yalu River rose steadily. The pressure on the dike was tremendous. Fearing it would give way, the Christian families in the danger zone began to move their belongings to the mission compound, which is on high ground. Later the dike burst; the water poured in torrents into the farms along the river bank, and then made its way into the streets of the town, carrying everything before it. An hour later the water in the town had reached its height. It came

Congratulations—

The Holy See in October announced the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William F. O'Shea as Prefect Apostolic of Peng Yang, Korea.

Monsignor O'Shea was one of the second Departure Group to leave Maryknoll for the Orient. During the next six years, his natural aptitude for languages was given wide scope for development in South China, where dialects are almost as numerous as villages.

In 1925, Monsignor O'Shea was recalled to this country for special executive work at

within a few hundred feet of the mission gate. By this time, all the Christians—and a number of pagans as well—had moved bedding, furniture, pigs, chickens, and even a beehive into our yard. Later, the bees, excited by the moving, broke loose and added to the general uproar. The native bee is a ferocious little insect and can make a heap of trouble, especially when it sits down.

"After a few hours, the waters began to recede. By late afternoon some of the people ventured out to view the wreckage of their homes. We were able to supply some food and clothing, and in a few days most of them had a roof over their heads again. The farms and truck gardens suffered great damage. Since their produce is the only source of income to the farmers, it looks as though we shall be called upon often for help. We are happy to help where we can because the light of Faith shines brightest through the charity of Christ."

Deck-orations on Short Wave Lengths—

A few excerpts from the diary of our last Departure Group of twenty Orient-bound missionaries.

"Father John Donovan gave a sermon in the First Class



Half our last departure group pose aboard ship. Standing (left to right): Fathers J. Fisher, M. Dunne, J. Mihelko, F. Kelliher. Seated: Fathers A. Merfeld, W. Pheur, A. Allie, E. Mailhot, E. Manning, and A. Briggs.

Lounge. . . . The Fathers were honored at the regular Sunday concert by having 'The Angelus' dedicated to, 'The Gentlemen who will not be returning soon.'

"All Masses over at six o'clock, and the rest of the morning is spent 'ohing and aching' at the Island Garden (Hawaii). While we breakfasted, Father Cloutier waited patiently on the pier to throw leis around our unworthy necks.

"Comfortably nestling in a deck chair, Father Wieland, our student *par excellence*, interested Dr. B, a Presbyterian, in reading 'Faith of Millions.' The said doctor was also introduced to Father Spencer's translation of the New Testament. Quite carried away by the beauty of expression, he was anxious to procure a copy of this magnificent work.

"Fathers Whitlow and Barry shouted their greetings across the waters as we docked in Japan. We went by train to Kamakura. At the station, we separated, half the group going up to the Dai Butzu in rickshas, and the remainder traveling by trolley through the back yards of the city.

"At Tokyo we hired cabs to the Imperial Gardens, and followed Father Whitlow about as he explained the ceremonial of a visit to the Emperor.

"Maryknoll in Kyoto wasn't large enough to accommodate all of us, so we were farmed out for our sleep, thereby being treated to one of our best experiences.

"Arriving at the Japanese homes of our hosts, we removed

Quick, Father Henry, the Flit!

If a flood, all by its lonesome, is termed a major disaster, then what is left to say of a flood accompanied by bees—and not ordinary peace-loving bees, Father Henry should

our shoes and entered in stocking feet. The houses were tiny, immaculate places, made of glass and very light wood. The walls seem to be all sliding doors. The floors are covered with finely woven mats. Having traveled all day in the train we were well sooted, and glad of the opportunity to slip out of our clothes into the comforts of the Japanese kimono. We were offered the native bath—quite an institution. It is the custom to wash outside the tub, taking only the final ablution submerged in the nearly boiling water. Before retiring, we were treated to a Japanese delicacy, comparable to our own ice cream. It was long white noodles, quite tasteless. They are lifted high with chopsticks, then dunked into a bean sauce.

"Manila—with our priests again awaiting us at the dock. Another Chinese dinner, but this time we are in better form for the combat. Three days of hospitable entertainment at the



In Japan two old timers take two new missionaries to the park. Left to right: Fathers W. Murphy, M. Dunne, J. Gibbons, and A. Allie.

various Maryknoll houses, then off to the boat again for our last sailing.

"Hong Kong! The Maryknollers swooped down on us while we were at breakfast. They gave us a great welcome. We were glad to be there, safe and sound, after one of the most peaceful voyages of Pacific history."

"All Roads Lead to . . ."

To and fro are now definitely part of the Maryknoll movement. It is usually a movement that tends from Maryknoll to the missions in the Orient and the reverse. Now and then there is an exception and the to and fro movement is between Rome and Maryknoll.

One of these exceptions was the arrival of Father Heinzmann from Rome which coincided with Father McConnell's departure for the Eternal City. They barely had time for a chat before Father McConnell sailed.

While in the Eternal City, Father Heinzmann pursued a

course of studies leading to the Doctorate in Sacred Theology, and he also had the privilege of serving His Eminence, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, as personal secretary.

Father McConnell is not unknown in Rome. He has already taken the degree of Licentiate of Sacred Scripture. After a short period of professorial work at Maryknoll College in Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, he has returned to his 'Alma Mater', the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome, where he will complete his studies for the degree of Doctor of Sacred Scripture.



Fathers McConnell and Heinzmann

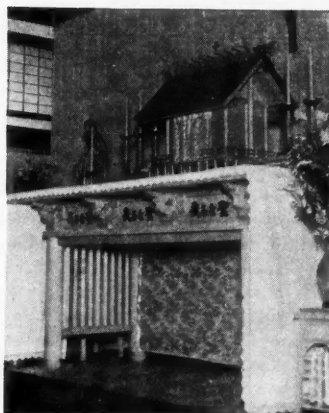
Fund-ation Needed—

An altar in Japan goes a-begging for a church in which to stand. The designer, Father Clarence J. Witte, pleads in its behalf:

"This altar is Shinto in style—purely Japanese. It is extremely simple in form, but not to the point of severity; rather, it is beautiful in its simplicity, for there is in it the carefulness of detail characteristic of everything Japanese.

"One of its chief points of beauty is the natural wood, a kind of Japanese cypress, almost white with a perfect grain. In conformity with Japanese taste and Shinto tradition, the wood was left natural, untouched with stain or coloring. The roof

of the tabernacle was made of the bark of the same tree. The Japanese characters for 'Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,' are done in gold. The candlesticks, which, by the way, presented the greatest difficulty of all in the designing, were also made of wood and gilded dull gold, giving a bronze effect. The whole, with its various trimmings set off by a silk drapery of Our Lady's blue, is really attractive.



Japanese style altar

1. Maryknoll Missioners in Eastern Asia number 177 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers.

2. They labor in seven territories.

3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.

4. Three of these territories—Kyoto, Peng Yang, Fushun—are in the Japanese Empire.

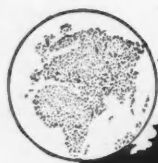
EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.

6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.

7. They count approximately 60,000 Catholics (56,675 in June, 1937).

8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,413 adult converts from July 1, 1936, to June 30, 1937).



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



Teachers' Bulletin

RECENTLY, at Maryknoll, we inaugurated the publication of a mission magazine for teachers. It will not be very pretentious, but it will try to serve teachers in as practical a manner as possible.

Maryknoll sees missions as an integral part of the Church's life—not merely as an activity on the part of the few who receive the call to go overseas; nor, for those who stay at home, is it simply a question of the occasional contribution of a little money.

Our Catholic people must understand that the Church has a *world* program, and that in a far more real sense than any other movement which pretends to world influence. This program is from God Himself and calls for an aggressive prosecution of its aims. Any Catholic who is alert, who reads and listens as he lives his daily life, may know this program. Most Catholics, however, must be painstakingly trained, if they are to become imbued with it.

The BULLETIN will be no mere *teaser* to catch the teacher's fancy, that he or she may be enlisted as a promoter for catch-penny mission schemes. Maryknoll does not see the classroom as a place for gathering support for the extension of the Kingdom of God. Rather, it regards the classroom as a sanctum, only one step removed from the church and the home, wherein ideals are formed and where young Catholics in the course of acquiring secular as well as religious learning are impregnated with the Catholic philosophy of living and with Catholic principles of action.

We shall be very happy to send the

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

*Designed to meet your
mission promotion problems.*

1. **Literature Section—** offers mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—** provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—** offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures, and mission exhibits. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—** is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin heads the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. University, college, and high school young men and women are enrolled individually as Maryknoll Pioneers.
5. **Reference and Research Service—** will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos, and general mission information.

BULLETIN gratis to any teacher, religious or lay, or to any priest who is charged with the curriculum of a school.

Play Library

A FEW weeks ago, an Irish Canon, while visiting in Scotland, happened upon some Maryknoll plays. So much did he like them that his Scottish confrères munificently presented him with copies, which he happily took back to Ireland. Incidents such as this are not uncommon. Since its establishment two years ago, the Maryknoll Play Library has provided noteworthy entertainment service for hundreds of schools, colleges, clubs, and little theaters, not only in the

United States and Canada, but in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

There is a Maryknoll Play for nearly every occasion and to meet various casting demands. Even the tiniest ones have not been forgotten, and there are plays which First-Graders can perform without too great a strain on themselves or their teachers.

To those who request it, we shall be happy to send a copy of our catalogue, which lists a brief synopsis of each play.

Mission Bookshelf

Catholic Faith, a Catechism. Book Three of a Series of Three. Based on The Catholic Catechism as drawn up by His Eminence Peter Cardinal Gasparri and edited under the supervision of the Catholic University of America. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Retail, 60 cents; wholesale, 50 cents.

This Catechism is intended for use in the upper grades of Catholic elementary schools, but may also be used successfully by adult convert classes, or as a source book in preparing discussions in study clubs.

Each question in the Catechism is followed by an appropriate quotation from Scripture, the Breviary, or the Ordinary of the Mass. The quotations aptly sum up each lesson. Among the advantages acquired from their use is this, that these texts will acquaint even elementary-school children with Scripture and the writings of the Doctors of the Church.

Each chapter is followed by problems and topics for discussion. The teacher is expected to select those best suited to the needs of her particular group. The range of topics makes the book useful for all classes of students.

Besides Catholic elementary-school students, study-club groups, and convert classes, all mission-minded Catholics would profit from a look into this Catechism. If we are to convert the world, we must be well informed and have a ready answer for all questions. Neighbors or fellow workers may become "mission fields" for every Catholic; this book will equip them for such occasions.

—M.C.

Mission Education Bureau,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please send me your Teachers' Bulletin of Missions.

Name

Address

Burses

MAJOR SEMINARY BURSSES

MAHAN MEMORIAL BURSE.....	4,630.85
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	4,405.45
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse...	4,235.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse...	4,050.00
Mary Dunn Memorial Burse.....	3,625.71
St. Michael Burse, No. 1 (Reserved)	3,565.00
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	3,411.70
Marywood College Burse.....	3,207.00
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	3,167.44
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,289.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,266.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse...	2,000.09
Lauinger Burse (Reserved).....	2,000.00
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
James J. Sullivan Memorial Burse	1,500.00
(Reserved)	1,455.88
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,402.55
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill....	1,395.38
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,139.10
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse...	1,121.21
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,000.00
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	885.00
Detroit Archdiocese Burse.....	772.63
Souls in Purgatory Burse (Reserved)	750.00
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	666.20
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	644.30
Holy Family Burse.....	583.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved)	500.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	489.65
St. Jude Burse.....	443.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	271.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse...	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Weekend" No. 2 Burse...	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	115.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07

NATIVE SEMINARY BURSSES

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE.....	1,355.50
Sacred Heart Club Burse.....	1,300.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
Daily Memorial Burse (Reserved)...	800.00
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse	200.00
J. E. and E. J. K Burse (Reserved)	200.00

PREPARATORY SEMINARY BURSES

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,803.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served)	4,525.00
"C" Burse H.	1,851.60
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)	1,447.45
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,001.00
St. Michael Burse.....	606.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	690.10
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos)	430.00
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	114.00

All Nations Shall Serve Him

including American boys and girls who by their prayers and sacrifices for His other brothers and sisters will help to make the Little Christmas King known and loved all over the earth. Prove your willingness to serve Him by enrolling as a Maryknoll Junior, filling in the coupon below and sending it to Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y.—provided you are not already a Maryknoll Junior. Give Him this Christmas gift.



Date.....

Dear Father Chin,

Do you mean to say that my enrolling as a member of your Maryknoll Junior Club would be a gift from me to the Little Christmas King? Well, then, here's my gift! I want to help spread the Kingdom of Christ over all the earth by my prayers and sacrifices. Please send me THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR free.

My Name Age

My Address

THE BOUNTY PAGE



Dear Maryknoll Friends,

One of our seminarians happened into the office when we were reading through the many letters which, except for lack of space, would be printed *in toto* on this page. He was amazed, delighted, saddened, and edified—all in turn—as he read some of the tributes we had received.

"Who could ever imagine that he was making any sacrifice, with such an example as this?" he asked, pointing to a letter from an old couple seventy-one and seventy-three years of age, with no income. The lady had written, "Sunday was my birthday, and a lady gave me a dollar, so I am sending it to you for the renewal of my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR." Or this, we suggested—from a young man—"... this is the first dollar I have earned in eighteen months." But the one that sent him away with renewed purpose was, "I am very poor, but I know whatever sacrifice I make can never compare with that of the missionaries."

May the Infant King, whose arm is never shortened, be lavish to all the generous souls who keep the Light of Faith burning in the darkened East.

Sincerely in Christ,

The Maryknoll Fathers

Bouquets

A YOUNG man from the great metropolis near our door delivered two bouquets, though he had planned on only one. "I was just going to buy a bouquet of flowers," he writes, "for Our Lady's shrine in gratitude for a favor received through her intercession, when the thought came to me, 'Why not add a little more to the price of the flowers and send it to Maryknoll, and thus please Our Lady and help Maryknoll at the same time?' So I am sending you this offering as my bouquet to Our Lady and as a Christmas present to the missions."

No wonder Our Lady hears such prayers!

"I had just returned to college after vacation," writes a young lady. "I had

a rather bad cold and was feeling sorry for myself when I picked up a copy of THE FIELD AFAR and read of the hardships that so many are undergoing in the Orient. I became ashamed of my self-pity as I realized how fortunate I am in having countless advantages and blessings. I want this small offering to be my first thank-you to you for having opened my eyes."

And here we are, wearing two pairs of 'specs'!

"Please don't thank us," writes a religious, "for doing what we can for you. All the indebtedness is on our side. Maryknoll is simply giving us an opportunity to do something supremely lovely."

God bless the good Sisters! That must be all of them.

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

Youth

THERE can't be anything very much wrong with the youth of today when we have in our midst such young fellows as the author of the following note: "A long time ago, I promised to sponsor a missionary for two days every month. I am a little late sending it this month, as I am able to save only fifty cents a week out of my allowance. Being only fifteen

The Month's Prize Letter

Dear Father,

I can think of no more important work in the world than that of bringing the light of the Gospel to pagan souls, and I find myself often wishing that I were young enough to take an active part in so splendid a task.

Next to going one's self, I suppose, the BACKING of missionaries would be about the best thing to do—I mean BACKING them with dollars. Then I have to start wishing again, wishing that I could be in a position to pour out a great portion of daily earnings for that purpose.

But I have neither vocation nor dollars. However, I have discovered that I can do something—perhaps I'll do it poorly, but I'm going to try. I am suffering from a fractured spine, and have been unable to work for some time. Recently I was reading the autobiography of the Little Flower, and I unearthed one of her secrets. When she could no longer labor for her beloved missionaries, she decided to offer her sufferings for them. And that is all that's left for me to do, now. I don't know how well I shall be able to do it, but I am going to try very hard.

Please pray for me that this, my little part in your great work, may be acceptable to Our Lord.

—Mrs. S.P., Mass.

years old, I often find it difficult to avoid spending my weekly quota of money on amusements. From now on, though, these two-dollar payments will come regularly each month."

Flaming youth, indeed! Rather are they angels of light in the darkness of godlessness!

Annuities

ANNUITIES have interested readers in Florida; and California, not to be outdone, has shown a similar thoughtfulness. One of our Vermont annuitants has written on receipt of her semiannual check: "I have received your check and am writing to thank you for it. I never can tell you what it means to me to get this check each time it comes. I am an old lady, here in the hospital, and I just wonder what I would do without this return from my annuity. It means food and shelter for the rest of my life."

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, of Maryknoll, New York*.....
(Here insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, for the purpose for which it is incorporated.

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass.

In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.

In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa.



Office of Santa Claus

North Pole
December, 1938

Dear Everybody,

Just had letters from every one of the Maryknoll priests in the Orient. They all want the same thing for Christmas.

A SPONSOR!

Even I can't fill that order alone. Will you help me give those fellows what they want for Christmas? After all, they deserve it!

I'm counting on you, every one, to help me out. I have to get those sponsors from somewhere—even if I have to skim off to Mars and make an appeal there.

Anxiously, but with much hope,

Your well-beloved

Santa Claus

P. S. The blank below is provided for your convenience.

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please send me a Support-a-Missioner Dime Card. I'd like to fill it and thus sponsor a missionary for one day during the Christmas season. Send cards for friends.

Name

Address

☐ I shall be happy to do this each month.

Maryknoll Want Ads

Real Estate Miscellaneous Wanted

\$3,000 for land for mission compound, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

\$5,000 for purchase of land for city mission centers, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

Capital Wanted

\$1,500 for rectory at T'ing-Ngoon, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

\$1,600 for erection of chapel at Au-poe, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

Help Wanted

Thirty gifts of \$3 per month each for support of thirty orphans, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

Ten gifts of \$35 each for year's support of ten old folks, Peng Yang Prefecture, Korea.

Three gifts of \$100 for one year's support of three dispensaries, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China.

Tutors and Private Instruction Wanted

Ten gifts of \$15 monthly each for support of 10 catechists, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

Four gifts of \$200 each for maintenance of catechumenates, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

Ten gifts of \$500 each for ten units of new school, Chinnampo, Peng Yang Prefecture, Korea.

Miscellaneous Wanted

Five gifts of \$30 each per month for rental of five buildings to serve as chapels, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

\$100 for publication of apologetics pamphlets in Chinese for conversion work in Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

Eight gifts of \$100 each for support of eight Chinese Sisters, Prefecture of Kweilin, South China.

Where there's a will. . . Recent announcements of wills which include us and our legal title (see above) have been received from New York, Pennsylvania, California, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island; while those recently matured are from California and New York.



*'Tis the Night before
Christmas . . .*

Waiting up for Santa!

Maybe he'll fill our rice bowl and bring
our *Shen Foo* a SPONSOR.

See Page 351.

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Schools for Boys—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio
Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem.,
Emmitsburg, Md.
Sacred Hearts Academy,
No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys,
West Chester, Pa.

Colleges and Academies for Girls—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
St. Xavier College,
4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred
Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
College of Notre Dame of Maryland,
Baltimore, Md.
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
Maryville College, Meramec St. &
Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson,
N. Y. C.

Marymount College & School,
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,
Milford, Conn.

Junior College and Academy of the
Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.
Notre Dame of Maryland High School,
Baltimore, Md.

Marycliff Academy,
Arlington Heights, Mass.
Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.
Sacred Hearts Academy,

No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Academy of the Sacred Heart,
Fall River, Mass.

Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.
Academy of the Visitation,

5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Saint Vincent Academy,
226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.
Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y.
St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-

Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,
630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y.
Our Lady of Mercy Academy,
Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.

Mater Misericordiae Academy,
Merion (Phila.), Pa.

Villa Maria Convent,
Montreal, Quebec, Canada
St. Ann-on-the-Lake Academy,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Schools of Nursing—

St. Camillus School of Training,
Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of
Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND CHARLES STREET :: BALTIMORE

Catholic College for Women conducted
by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Academic
Department—High School Course of
College Preparatory Grade, Elementary
Department, Music, Art, Physical Culture.
For Catalogue, address: The Secretary.

The Maryknoll Associates

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATE for one year and, in addition to receiving THE FIELD AFAR, is a member of the Society, sharing in 11,000 Masses yearly and in the labors, sacrifices, and privations of the missionaries.

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Associate.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Associate.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person likewise becomes by this fact a Perpetual Associate.

NEW MARYKNOLL PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

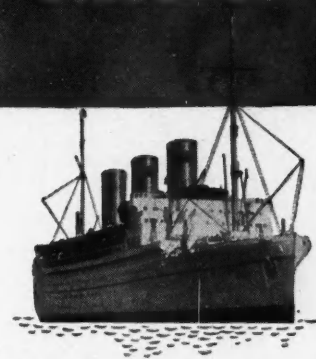
Living: Reverend Friends, 2; E. C.; J. L. J.; S. N. & Relatives; Relatives of K. M. P.; Mrs. G. A. F. & Relatives; Mrs. A. D. A. & Relatives; 3 Anonymous; B. D. & Relatives; M. K. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. H. K. & Relatives; Mrs. J. H. & Relatives; Relatives of C. E.; H. T. & Relatives; C. C. & Relatives; E. F. M. & Relatives; N. C. K.; J. McN.; A. V. & Relatives; R. McN. & Relatives; J. M. K. & Relatives; A. E. C. & Relatives; L. A. D. & Relatives; Mrs. M. I. & Relatives; F. C. & Relatives; M. E. & Relatives; D. A. G. & Relatives; Relatives of C. J. S.; Members of S. P. H.; M. H.; M. E. S. & Relatives; J. B. & Relatives; A. McD. & Relatives; R. V. & I. S. & Relatives; T. S. P. & Relatives; K. B. D. & Relatives; C. A. K. & Relatives; Relatives of L. R. H.; J. F. M.; Mr. & Mrs. H. A. W. & Relatives; G. L.; Mrs. J. A. B.; J. C. McM. & Relatives; G. M. C.; R. M. V. & Relatives; E. C. & Relatives; Relatives of Mrs. J. S. B.; M. McR. & Relatives; M. J. & Relatives; Relatives of Mrs. F. P.; Mrs. M. S. & Relatives; A. M.; K. L. & Relatives; Mrs. G. M. McC. & Relatives; C. T. G.; Mr. & Mrs. J. P. O'R. & Relatives; A. A.; Mrs. R. N. & Relatives.

Deceased: Benefactor, His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes; Founder, Mrs. R. Klorer; Perpetual Members, Reverend Friends, 2; J. Mahon; H. Fechtel; I. Downey; M. Corbett; P. Smith; H. J. & M. M. Ballem; M. Harris; Mrs. G. Cox; F. Michaels; A. Dunne; M. Judge; S. Hanley; M. Carraghar.

RECENTLY DECEASED MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATES

Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. McGolrick; Rev. J. Murphy; Rev. E. Lemkes; Rev. J. Whelan; Rev. W. Lavin; Rev. J. Russell, LL.D.; Rev. F. Vaitukaitis; Sr. M. Annunciata Cogan; Sr. M. Ildefonse Locker; Sr. M. Reginald; Sr. M. Austin; Mr. F. Stapleton; Mr. T. Kain; Miss A. Seeley; Mr. J. Downs; Mrs. B. Burke; Mrs. M. Olsen; Mrs. E. Klorer; Miss M. Geers; Mr. E. Smith; Miss L. Donahue; Mrs. E. Crowley; Miss M. O'Donnell; Mr. R. Threlfall; Mrs. B. Burke; Mrs. V. Zamont; Mrs. A. Dermant; Mrs. M. Hirt; Miss H. Kelly; Miss L. Donahue; Miss H. Ryan; Relatives of P. Dolan; Mr. F. Berryman; Mr. A. Cantara; Mrs. C. Quinn; Mr. G. Tessier; Mrs. R. Gallagher; Miss K. Darcy; Miss M. Harris; Mrs. K. Bahlman; Mrs. E. Gerard; Miss C. Schalker; Miss M. McCarthy; Miss F. Smith; Mr. J. Powers; Miss A. Dombey; Mr. J. Kelly; Miss E. Dore; Mrs. B. Gerneyer; Mr. E. Uhlman; Mr. G. McGowan; Mr. H. Reynolds; Miss E. Moore; Miss A. Lyons; Mrs. L. Purnhagen; Mrs. M. Olsen; Miss E. Healy; Miss M. Mahoney; Mrs. E. Thompson; Mr. F. Thompson; Mr. H. Meyer; Mrs. J. Dregan; Mr. A. Fritsch; Mr. R. Morpert; Mrs. A. Boley; Mr. J. Thomaszski; Mr. C. Mechenbier; Mrs. E. Martin; Mr. S. Sullivan; Mrs. J. Rueger.

Blue Ribbon Ships OF THE PACIFIC



The great white *Empresses* hold every speed record to and from the Orient. 10 days direct to Yokohama by *Empress of Asia* or *Empress of Russia*. Only three more via Hawaii by *Empress of Japan*, largest and fastest on the Pacific, or *Empress of Canada*. From California ports, connect at Honolulu.

Facilities available for the celebration of Holy Mass.

From Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Full details from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific; 41 offices in the United States and Canada.



Canadian Pacific

Peace Entreaty
to the
Christ Child

May peace—the
peace of the an-
gel heralds; the peace
of the immaculate
heart of the Virgin
Mother in whom the
Spirit breathed; the
peace of Your Own
Divine Heart, O
Prince of Peace, born
into the world in pov-
erty and littleness—
flood all the world.

